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J. 1828

LETTERS

FROM

CAMBRIDGE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE STUDIES, HABITS, AND PECULIARITIES

OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me.—Come, love and health to all!

MACBETH.

LONDON:
JOHN RICHARDSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE.
1828.

667.

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NOTICE FROM THE EDITOR.

A FEW friendly critics having complained to me of certain apparent grammatical inaccuracies in the course of the work, I must say something, I suppose, or my silence will be ill-construed. I will say this, then; as Editor, I am not responsible for any sins of this description the Author may be pleased to commit; besides which, in his justification, let it be remembered that letter-writing differs from all other species of composition, in that it is not tied down and fettered by the self-assumed rules of grammar to which the rest are deemed amenable. Now to the liberal and enlightened reader, as Mr.

Perceval Stockdale says in his inimitable life *de se ipso*, this explanation must be perfectly satisfactory; for the opinions of others (the illiberal and not enlightened) I care just as little as I do for the merest absurdities the world is taken with. What shall they be? Oh! the Italian Opera, or Mademoiselle Sontag. A word more: in scribbling off the few pages that follow *this* we have only been anxious to while away, if perchance it might be, an idle hour or two of our respected and respectable brethren of the gown and trencher; and if one who has never strolled in contemplative mood along the banks of the poetic Cam, or the yet more poetic, but not more muddy Isis, should dip into them, to give such a one just so much insight into our invaluable usages as that he may avoid in time after about twenty of the twenty-thousand blunders into which half England falls regarding ourselves and our habits. "Ah! but have you assailed any men?" demands the reader

of integrity (who peruses us, we have no doubt, at threepence a volume from the nearest circulating library), "if you have done this, I cannot countenance you."—No, Sir, not exactly; but even had we, we would have recommended the aggrieved to remain in a state of perfect quiescence, and not, by any means, think of going to law with us; as, in the first place, we would have contrived to make the usual processes as tedious as possible, which, with our legal connexions, we might easily have effected; and, in the second, had they obtained a verdict against us, which would have been exceedingly improbable—but had they, there success must have terminated, as we have not—it is with extreme reluctance we make the confession, but candour, our besetting sin, compels it, we have not—independent of the issue of this promising speculation, one shilling between us!

Postscript.—I tremble from head to foot; my thoughts wander, my blood runs cold. I

have just seen.—O sight never to be forgotten! the Edict of the third of May, dated Caius Lodge, declaring excommunication to a certain person, who shall be nameless, and decreeing that, "from and after the date hereof no person *in statu pupillari* shall, on any pretence whatsoever, associate or hold communication with the said——. And that if any person *in statu pupillari* shall presume to disobey"—*presume!* what a word, good lack!—"he shall, for his misdemeanour or contumacy, be punished by suspension, (query, by the neck?) rustication, or expulsion, as," &c.

(Signed) MARTIN DAVY, Vice-C.

Now, Martin Davy, just let me have a word with you. You are a decided Whig, the very quintescence of liberality, barring the gout; you read the Morning Chronicle out of the combination room; dine with Old Coke once in the season; smoke your pipe methodically, and di-

gest Greek derivatives: speak of judicial penalties, all the sympathies of Whiggism are roused in an instant; the spirit of universal benevolence is abroad, along with the schoolmaster: to rusticate a man, must go to your heart; to expel him, agitate your frame with a thousand conflicting emotions; and yet—Martin Davy—yet, I say, you, of all men in the world, can, with the most tranquil, easy, comfortable air in the world, set your name to this precious document which transcends all the blessings of papistry out and out.—O Martin Davy! Martin Davy O!

—horrid dreams they were: dreamt of carnage and slaughter, stage strewed with dead bodies, warriors in silken hose, pumps, and the tented field.—Oh! horror! horror!—Dr. H—r. Did you dream last night? A. I did; but they were in comparison pleasant dreams: first there came a frowning eye, and that was chased away by a laughing eye, and colour came and went in cheeks, and arms were lifted to crush me, but they fell powerless to do me harm. Dr. H—r. I know; I can interpret these dreams: your fever was at the crisis; it was hovering between prose and poetry: it is happily determined now. Prose light and airy, half truth, half fiction, blended a little with satire—satire pointed, but not poisoned at the point. You must observe a generous diet—not be kept too poorly, for fear you get into history. A. Do any particular dreams betoken the approach of this? Dr. H—: O yes: fancy you see reams of paper floating in the air, booksellers' agreements,

documents to be consulted that never existed. Take a sheet just written and read it over; find it dull and tedious: language without dignity, arguments without conviction, periods without effect—pregnant minuteness, severity, party spirit, absent, accuracy, impartiality, independence of feeling—look down a long vista, and see it terminated by nine volumes octavo: fancy all this, and these, my dear Sir, are the dreams of history. An Autobiography, will any thing warn one of the approach of this? Dr. H—x: Certainly! dead of night—rush of wind—curtains withdrawn—apparition stands at the foot of the bed—tall, stout, laughing, rubicund, holds forth a volume in his hand, veil falls from his face—it is! it is Joseph Miller!—Elements in combustion, thunder, lightning, storm, puns, lies, anecdotes, epigrams, sonnets, tales, legends, drenched in deadly drops: now melodious tones are heard of some one singing—now playing on a musical instrument; here dance before the

eyes a pair of foils—there is seen a pen dipt in farce: a little distance, perhaps garrulous old age advances, leaning on its staff:—these are unerring symptoms; but I must be gone.—(Takes up his hat—rings the bell.) A. Good morning. (Dr. H—r hesitates.) Oh! I beg your pardon—the fee! Dr. H—r: Oh! do not make yourself uneasy about that, I will call again in the evening, and then you know you can put two up for me in paper. (Exit Dr. H—r.)—C. U. Clever man that in his profession; under his hands you will soon recover. I was unwell a little time since; but I took an emetic, and brought three duodecimos, two small poems, and a few reminiscences off my stomach; and since that I have been quite free from pain.—A. U. I feel a twitch of my old complaint. I think I will just step to Colburn's, and take a blue pill. (Goes out.) A. Adieu, Fudge!—C. U. I have a great mind to go with you for the walk.—Adieu, Editor!—Reader, Adieu!

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LETTERS FROM CAMBRIDGE.

LETTER I.

Cambridge, October —, 182—.

DEAR ———,

YOU say you intend honouring the University with your presence in a year or two, and wish me to describe its studies, usages, &c. &c. From the first moment I turned my steps Cambridge-wards, such a description as I can give you, you shall have, though I doubt much whether it will repay the trouble of asking for. Know, then, that on the day term opens, the tenth of

October, I ensconced myself in a comfortable corner of the Times safety coach; why so designated, I am at a loss to guess, except it be this, its rate of travelling is so extremely great, that were it not for some latent principle in its construction, it must inevitably have had its career foreshortened ere now. But be this as it may, we reached Cambridge about half-past eight, exactly five hours and a half from the time we started; and I found myself discussing a bottle of black strap in the snug coffee room of the Eagle long before the University clock went nine. Perhaps, however, you may imagine I have taken a hint from our charioteer, and have got over the ground in too summary a manner: something ought to have been told of my fellow-passengers; all well-informed men of course, come from the four winds to drink plenteously at the fountains "of sound learning and religious instruction." Well-informed I can believe they were, and in no way discrediting

the learned institutions that cherished them; but for any thing I could tell, they might have been the very opposite; for not a word escaped the lips of any one of them during the whole journey, not even a comment on the weather. I must confess to you I was struck by their taciturnity; but have since understood it was strictly conformable to etiquette, and a part of their ceremonial law: indeed the injunction to keep silence heading the reading room of the British Museum, and other places of literary resort, seems, in this grave republic, to extend even to the public conveyances which conduct the student to its classic retreats. I am sorry to say so much about nothing; though, to be sure, many great names are in my favour; but, precise fellow that you are, you would have plagued me for a month had I not, so take the consequences. You may safely conjecture I saw nothing of Cambridge that night: the night, in fact, was excessively cold, and I did not like

to run the risk of losing my way, much less to excite surprise by inquiring it.

You know I am a sound sleeper, always assenting to Morpheus his legitimate moiety of the twenty-four hours: imagine then my exquisite mortification on being disturbed in my first sleep, as near as I could guess, about five in the morning, by the deep and hollow tones of a bell; as might be from its sound at my bed's head. I listened attentively: it was evidently tolling somebody dead, thought I; but then the unseasonableness of the hour—some great personage—an express just arrived, perhaps—who knows but—the King (God bless him!) is above sixty, and corpulent withal. I leapt out of bed, rang the bell as bell was never rang; and, after the lapse of ten minutes, in shuffled boots with "unwashen face and ungartered hose."—"Did you ring, Sir?" "Yes," said I, "I did: who's dead?" "Dead, Sir!" with a dead stare. "Yes, dead—don't you hear the bell? who's it going

for?" "Going for, Sir? Oh! the bell you mean. Oh! that, Sir, that's St. Mary's: it goes riglarly every morning.[1] Nobody's dead that I knows of;" and so saying, he shuffled out, suppressing, if I am not very much mistaken, a strong inclination to laugh; which, however, he did not consider himself bound to stifle after the door was between us, at least if my ears did not deceive me. This little blunder operated as a strong check on my curiosity, and I determined in all matters of local knowledge to maintain in future the defensive. I was entered, if you recollect, on Peacock's side (there are three sides at Trinity; Peacock's, Whewell's, and Higman's), and after a cursory survey of the town (which fell very far short of my expectations, but of which more anon), presented myself at his rooms about ten

[1] And every evening too, the notable authority might have added. I wonder the writer did not hear it the night he came in: perhaps the wind sat the wrong way: this makes a difference.—Note by Eoeos.

in the forenoon. I went in plain clothes,[1] was received very graciously; asked a few questions about the books I had read; received several sound hints on the formation of acquaintances, on sobriety, temperance, regular attendance at Chapel, Hall, &c. and dismissed. Just as I was going out, he called me back, said he had heard a very good character of me, thought me a deserving young man, and, to oblige me, the College always favoured men of merit, would give me rooms in College. I thought of the alleged extortion of lodging-house keepers, and, overjoyed at my deliverance from their clutches, bowed my thanks, and retired.

Ah! mused I, one heavy expense is saved: I have nothing to pay for lodging. I am a man of merit; the College favour men of merit, and

[1] Without his gown, I suppose is meant; the costume is not usually assumed previous to introduction to the tutor of the College.—EDITOR.

give me house-room gratis. A servant (they call them gyps here, from a Greek word γυψ, vulture) conducted me to my apartment, a good roomy garret neatly furnished with curtains, carpet, book-shelves, &c. I never felt myself so happy in my life. The parapet wall to be sure was so high, and the window so low, that I could catch a glimpse at nothing, save the blue sky: but then, had the parapet wall been out of the way, there was nothing but the new quadrangle[1] to look at, and the new quadrangle was a very ugly quadrangle, and no one

[1] King's Court, so named after his present Majesty, by whom the first stone was laid—by proxy. It should seem Mr. Wilkins, the architect, built it by proxy also, so little credit does it do to his known taste and talents. Its regal appellation has been sank in many a less dignified one; of which Contract Court, Lethbridge Court (vide Hunt's etymology of this word in his speech at last Somerset county election), and one or two more that might be named, are a specimen. —Editor.

thought the new quadrangle worth looking at; and so this objection was easily overcome. The rooms were freshly painted, it is true, and the paint smelt very offensive, and I had a head-ach for a week in consequence; but then they had been painted most likely to oblige me—a person the College were desirous of obliging; and so the smell must be put up with. At all events, I had nothing to pay for the rooms or the furniture; and in comparison with these advantages, minor inconveniences were of no consideration. Such were the train of my meditations, cruelly, alas! to be broken in upon by the great Elliot,[1] who appeared at my rooms three days since, with an appraiser's

[1] Elliot Smith, auctioneer and appraiser, cabinet-maker and carpenter; without doubt, the most considerable original in the place: if you are in search of amusement, go to his rooms, you may find a good article at a low price; you cannot fail of finding genuine wit above all.—Editor.

bill[1] for furniture, amounting to 40*l.* "What! cried I, in amazement, 40*l.* for furniture?"

"Mr. Peacock said he put me in rooms to oblige me, and does he oblige me to pay 40*l.* for this miserable furniture?" "Oh! customary, customary, Sir," replied the great Elliot. "Gentlemen always pay for their furniture." "And do they pay for their rooms too?" said I. "Oh! to be sure, Sir: you will pay 25*l.* per annum[2] for these rooms. Very pleasant rooms indeed: extremely airy. A very nice gentleman kept in

[1] His bill is generally sent in to the tutor; sometimes, however, to the individual. I received one similar, when an undergraduate; therefore the circumstance is not without a precedent.—EDITOR.

[2] Trinity is by no means the most expensive College in this respect; in Corpus Christi, formerly Benet (the old name, by the way, is more respectable than the new), some chambers run as high as 40*l.*: the average rate in the other Colleges varies from 10*l.* to 12*l.*—EDITOR.

these rooms last, Sir." "But pray, Mr. Smith, were rooms in College always so high?" "Oh! no; they were much lower a few years since, till they came to build the new court." * * *

So terminated my colloquy with Mr. Elliot Smith; and so I find myself in the most unhealthy rooms in all Cambridge; cold, damp, and disagreeable, when I might have had the best lodgings[2] in the town at an expense very little, if any, exceeding the price I am now paying, with the additional advantage of attendance, &c. And this is what they call favouring men of merit! I am not now exactly in a humour for description; at least I think myself,

[1] The censor has been at work here: an ugly gash—is it not, my dear reader, better so than otherwise? If we introduce gentlemen, we must not let them talk treason.—EDITOR.

[2] No lodgings exceed twenty-five shillings a-week: the average is eighteen: half price is generally paid during the vacations.—EDITOR.

under present impressions, little likely to give a very impartial one, and so, with hearty remembrances to all our good friends in Bonnie Scotland, I bid you adieu for the present.

LETTER II.

October —, 182-.

DEAR ——,

You found me established in my new rooms, and not very well pleased with the accession of expense attending them. Well! Williamson[1] looked in on me a few days since, to whom I related my grievances. He only laughed: said I had nothing to complain of in particular: most men paid more: indeed, if he was not very much mistaken, mine were the lowest rented rooms in College. He admired the complexion of the paint, praised the carpet, thought the parapet wall above alluded to a monstrous

[1] This name is inserted at hazard, the actual one in the letter being illegible, or nearly so.—EDITOR.

great advantage; it kept off the cold winds (by the way it looked due south): besides, how delightful it was to have no one to make a noise over your head! These and other ingenious suggestions finally reconciled me to my abode, and I am beginning to think myself tolerably fortunate. I was so taken up in my last letter with my visit to P——, and its consequences, that I believe I omitted to mention the dresses and decorations. In our good towns of Glasgow and Aberdeen, the students, if I mistake not, only wear their academical habit at the public lectures: here they are worn, or expected to be worn, at all times. We of Trinity —mark the emphasis—WE, I say, of Trinity, have gowns of a blue colour, made full, resembling those worn by men who have taken their first degree. The Johnians, Calans, Clarians, Benetites,* men of Magdalen, Sidney,

* Doctor Lamb! will you allow this? Corpus Christi men, Sir! by all that's catholic.—EDITOR.

Emmanuel, Pembroke, Catherine, Christs, and Jesus, wear a garb I can scarcely describe to you. It is the most grotesque imaginable. Have you ever seen a child's pinafore put on the hind part before? add a kind of cape to the neck, and two stripes of the same material down the front, this will give you a correct representation of it; our ancestors were certainly men of a most munificent turn; but if this be a specimen of their taste in dress, it must have been at a low ebb indeed. The gowns of the Queenites and Peterhouse men are identical with the bachelors. Downing, you will recollect, was founded about forty years, chartered little more than twenty, and actually occupied not quite ten years since; the dress therefore is referable to the taste of the present day, and certainly is far more handsome than any thing

The kind of robe worn by parish clerks in the London churches comes nearer to it, and suits too without adaptation.—Errata.

else in the University. It is nearly the same with the barrister's gown.

There is a slight difference in the Trinity Hall gown, which is peculiarly a dark College. The Kingsmen wear cloth, but these are hardly considered as constituting a part of the University, enjoying distinct privileges,[1] and entitled to their degrees without the trouble of working for them. This description, mind, only relates to the pensioners. The sizers at St. John's, Clare, Benet, Magdalen, Sidney, Emmanuel, Pembroke, Catherine, Christs, and Jesus, wear the same dress with the pensioners, excepting the velvet. At Queens and Peterhouse they wear exactly the same dress with the pensioners at the ten above-named Colleges. I do not know what the practice is at Trinity Hall and Downing. Kings are not permitted to receive sizers,

[1] As, for instance, if degrees are to be conferred on a Kingsman and a man of another College, the Kingsman receives his first.

and Caius will receive none. Trinity receives them; but, with the liberality which in many respects marks its arrangements, makes no distinction in the dress it clothes them in. At Trinity the fellow-commoners (gentlemen-commoners at Oxford, but by no rule I am acquainted with the better gentlemen) wear blue and silver. At the rest (excepting Downing) black and gold, with some slight difference in the braiding, scarcely worth noticing; and at Downing they "walk in silk attire." Noblemen have a costume corresponding to their dignity. By the word nobleman, you must understand, every titled thing is denoted from the Earl Marshal to the Knight of yesterday, subject to the payment of certain fees. I will just give you some idea of the esteem in which these separate orders are held, and then quit the subject. Sizers are generally men of small, or rather of no fortunes, supported, during residence, either by exhibitions from their schools,

or by subscriptions from their friends; they come from the middle and the lower orders: not unfrequently they are retired schoolmasters, or dissatisfied subs; men of mature years and proportionate knowledge, submitting, with a bad grace, to the maxims they had enforced; and occasionally, by a strange vicissitude, subjected to the controul of the very persons over whom they had held the reins of discipline. Some, it is true, are of great respectability—sons of clergymen of small incomes, of officers, &c.; but these are rare; as all, who can possibly contrive it, prefer becoming pensioners to wearing a particular dress, and being subjected to most illiberal restrictions.

A most shameful practice is gaining ground—that of men coming up at thirty and upwards, and so competing with lads ten or twelve years their juniors; they beat them, of course, and thus appropriate emoluments designed to be the support and encouragement of youth, in the first and most arduous struggles of life.

Editor.

The pensioners form the great body of undergraduates, and are to be found of all ranks and of all characters; comprising, in their number, the best informed and the worst informed—the most gentlemanly, and the least so—the proudest and the meanest, from the most stately tree of ancient worth, with its knotted stem and wide-spreading branches, down to the greenest shoot of modern pretension.

To assign them therefore a distinctive character, is almost impracticable; at least, my young pen is not the one that would pretend to draw it. From the fellow-commoners, learning, in the confined and local sense of the word, is hardly to be expected; they frequently, however, possess many acquirements, much more valuable in the long run, and conducive, in a yet higher degree, to the pleasure and improvement of life. Excepting such as have an honourable prefix to their names, there are in proportion not near so many men of family

fellow-commoners[1] as pensioners; the cause of this I cannot undertake to explain: the fanciful may sometimes trace the effect in the coarseness of feature which the velvet cap not unfrequently shades. In any remarks I may have made here, be pleased to remember I am stating nothing on my own authority simply: I do no more than embody the floating opinions of the place, and give them a being and a name.

Now for Cambridge, in a brick and mortar sense:—the town occupies a considerable extent of ground. Since the late war, the number of students in residence has been increased in a

[1] Married men, of small incomes; officers, viewing peace with despondency; hosiers and haberdashers, keeping pace with "the march of intellect;" all enter as fellow-commoners; because, by being fellow-commoners, they can take a degree, after residing the greater part of nine terms, without attending chapel, hall, or lectures; and, therefore, without encumbering themselves in a fatiguing way with the knowledge of which the degree is a guarantee.—EDITOR.

duplicate proportion: new houses, in consequence, have risen in every direction to meet the wants of the students, a great part of whom reside without the walls. Of the public buildings, some are particularly fine, including the far-famed chapel of Kings College; the house of convocation; church of St. Marys; new College of Corpus, a splendid pile, and finished in excellent taste;[1] and the as yet incomplete improvements at Kings, which do Mr. Wilkins, the architect, the highest credit.

Have I got hold of a less sheet than usual, or, in my hurry, have I forgotten the extent of paper I have gone over? Certain it is, I was just on the point of telling you what the people said about Kings; and where do I find myself?—but just on the margin of the envelope.—Adieu! I will take up my tale very soon.

[1] Query—Was it taste or economy which led to the determination, since acted on, of lining the new chapel with the wood-work which formerly belonged to the old?—EDITOR.

LETTER III.

October —, 182—.

DEAR ———,

WE were speaking of Kings new buildings, were we not? Attend! it is the fashion here, among a certain class of would-be critics, to abuse the plan. There is a very handsome screen fronting the street, contiguous to the chapel, in exact correspondence to which, as far as style goes, it is: the arch in the centre, they say, is inclined out of the perpendicular,[1] and the whole screen too low: unluckily, the

[1] I say so too: it *is* out of the perpendicular.—EDITOR.

arch is true by the exactest admeasurement,[1] and the screen in accurate proportion to the relative height of the surrounding buildings; nay, further, it would not admit of being raised an inch higher, were it to satisfy their fastidious taste, without utterly destroying the symmetry of the edifice; and then the design is bad. The design bad! If it really be so, what becomes of the chapel, its prototype? Is it not a pity that some of these gentlemen were not in the confidence of the prince who raised this structure?—what admirable improvements they might have suggested to him![2] The second court of Trinity College, called Neville's Court, is deserving of a high place in our list.

The old hall, or refectory, forms one side, to

[1] Admeasurement! Pho! why not measurement? I don't believe there is such a word as admeasurement in the dictionary.—EDITOR.

[2] Vide Don Somebody's hints to God on the creation of the world.—EDITOR.

which you ascend by a handsome flight of steps; opposite to which stands the library, erected, as I have been informed, by Sir C. Wren: if so, to say it is a beautiful building, is almost unnecessary. The remaining sides consist of spacious apartments, principally occupied by the fellows; beneath which, as also the library, are capital cloisters; in which, whatever may be the state of the weather, you are secured a convenient and healthy walk. The interior of the library, over which you are conducted by the keeper, a little, fat, punchy fellow, a satellite I am certain of our audit ale, is as handsome as the exterior; amply provided, of course, with works of the rarest and most valuable description, besides several busts of remarkable persons, executed by, or after, great sculptors; a mummy or two from Egypt; two or three bludgeons,[1] that have crossed the Atlantic; and a

[1] Sir! you are playing the traveller. I never heard of

painted window—such a window! my dear fellow, smiling down on beholders, with its grave anomalies and gross anachronisms, as if in very scorn of the rigid sciences with which it is surrounded.

There is another court, wherein a certain troublesome friend of yours domiciles; but of this silence is enjoined, in the names of good taste and propriety.

Sydney, or Sidney College, mastered by Dr. Chafey, or Chafy,[1] has undergone considerable improvements within the last few years: it is now a neat, elegant building; badly situated, it is true, in a narrow, dirty lane, but a handsome object withal. How many courts it may have,

the mummy, or the bludgeons either; and I have been in the library often enough.—EDITOR.

[1] A laughable trick was played on the Courier, two or three years ago, by some wicked wag, who wrote letter after letter to the Editor in the names of Chafey and Chafy.—EDITOR.

and in what order the gardens are laid out, I cannot describe to you, having never been in it, and only seen it from the street. Whether the College be positively and assuredly haunted, I have not been able to ascertain. It is extraordinary no one ever[1] enters the walls, who can possibly avoid it; and those whom necessity, or a diseased curiosity occasionally drive there, never fail on coming out again to bewail their hard fate, or deeper folly. A tradition is extant, of some one, in the last century, having visited the spot under the second of the above-named impressions; and he was confronted, it appears, on crossing one of the grass-plots, by a tall, stout, bluff-looking personage, with powdered head, and bushy whiskers, negligently dressed in the graceful costume of the day; *videlicet*, an old black coat, a pair of corduroy

[1] This last October (1827) one freshman made his appearance; but it is presumed the solitude had a fatal effect on his constitution, for he died in less than a fortnight;—perhaps he met the gardener.—EDITOR.

inexpressibles with pendant strings, cotton stockings, and slippers; his eyes sparkled; a smile of love or hate—the sequel shall determine which, played on his lips: "Hillo! fellow, what are you doing there?—come off the grass-plots—I won't have any man walk on the grass-plots in my College. Come, what are you standing there for?—do you want any body?"—"No, not in particular," gently responded the astonished youth. "Go along then; you shan't be idling here." The youth, in obedience to the delicate admonition, withdrew. This is the best, and, indeed, only authenticated story I ever heard. Dr. Chafey is a man of most mild and proverbially unassuming manners; why will he not undertake to exorcise this troubled spirit, which bids fair to make a desert of his paradise? He might have some influence with it: who knows, but it may be the shade of some departed gardener, hovering round the spot of his dearest associations and most jealous care.

Christs, Emmanuel, and Peterhouse, have

recently erected new suites of rooms for the accommodation of their students; but in doing so, they have regarded convenience more than elegance; and there is not any thing of modern date, at either of these Colleges, worth going three yards to see. Take away the collegiate buildings, and leave the town to the mercy of a committee of taste, and I fear it will have little quarter given it. There is not a single good street to be found; nothing but a succession of lanes and alleys: the pavement (with the exception of a few yards opposite Benet) scarcely allowing two persons to walk abreast. The generality of the houses are mean and dirty in their appearance; not three alike in the whole line of the High Street; and the entrance from London, which would otherwise be rather handsome, is deformed by a dozen hovels, which would disgrace a pauper village. The country round Cambridge is dreary and uninteresting, and the air impregnated with the malaria, from

the fens on which it borders.[1] You may judge how level the general face of the county must be, when you are informed a slight rising of the ground, about four miles from Cambridge, and not really distinguishable half a mile distant, is dignified with the imposing appellation of the range of the Gogmagog hills. The scene is enlivened by a few gentlemen's seats, scattered at wide intervals; but these, in point of extent or beauty, are of a very moderate order. Wimpole, the residence of the Earl of Hardwicke, lord-high-steward of the University, is the best: yet few noblemen's seats, I should imagine, have less to recommend it. If you are fond of hunting, it is considered a good country for that; and two or three packs of hounds are within your reach: if you are only a beginner, and wish to take a lesson or two

[1] Besides the salubrious gales wafted from Jesus ditch.—Editor.

previously in leaping, there is a common,[1] within six miles, most conveniently intersected with ditches, graduated in depth and width, according to the measure of your skill or daring.

On the fourth of next month the vice-chancellor is elected; and on the fifth, I am told, though I cannot say I believe it, the gentlemen of the University honour the riots of the day with their presence and countenance. Be assured, if any thing occurs, you shall hear from me.—Adieu!

[1] Shelford Common, the favourite resort of bachelors, fellows, and others: some twenty of the former may be seen there in a day, easily discernible by their studious hue, and discreet attachment to the animals they bestride.—EDITOR.

LETTER IV.

November —, 182—.

DEAR ———,

THE anniversary of Faux's frolic, or (as more than Catholics have suspected) the triumph of Protestant invention,[1] has made its entrance and its exit: and with it appeared and disappeared a scene I never before witnessed, and sincerely hope I never shall again, under a twelvemonth's

[1] We shall be gravely told next there never was a Cato Street conspiracy; that Thistlewood is a most respectable man; was never hanged, as slanderously said; but at present much trusted by the Whig interest. —EDITOR.

notice at least. You know the good order which prevails in our towns, even in those peopled by the manufacturing classes, not generally the most quiet; in which places, if the public peace is ever by any chance disturbed, a few constables and their staves can easily restore it. Now, all I have to ask of you is, dismiss, as soon as possible from your mind, these unclassical and unacademical notions; as, in the exhibition, to which I am about to introduce you, you will find them very much in your way. I was in hall on the fifth; a duty, by the way, I invariably[1] execute; and heard some men, near whom I sat, speak in very animated terms of the fineness of the weather, and the excellent opportunity it was likely to afford

[1] If you mean to get a dinner at Trinity you must be at hall at least ten minutes before the bell rings. I have been carried off my legs repeatedly, and had my shins kicked most unmercifully, by the amiable, but rather petulant vice-master.—EDITOR.

them of giving the snobs (oppidans) a sound thrashing. I took no particular notice at the time: I was a freshman, and therefore to be hoaxed. There was a certain indescribable something, too, in the countenances of my pugnacious friends which, as I thought, bespoke knavery: it was the first guess I ever made in physiognomy, and it turned out a false one.

I had been passing the evening at a man's rooms, who kept in a bow-windowed house in Trumpington Street, near the area which fronts the Senate-house (I am thus explicit, that you may, if you like, examine the spot when you come), and was moving off after supper, between nine and ten, when my course was arrested by a confused murmur, gradually growing louder and louder; till at last the clan cry, "gown! gown!" "town! town!" was distinctly audible. My friend, a third year man, perfectly conversant with Cambridge disturbances, and endued with a keen sense of self-preservation, did,

what I should not have been the first to suggest, but which, under present circumstances, I most warmly seconded; he extinguished the lights,[1] and drew the curtains close, leaving just space enough to reconnoitre the enemy; and presently on they came, between three and four hundred, armed with stones and bludgeons, which they flourished aloft, as if meditating the assault on some imaginary foe; and close on their heels, not idle the while, followed a little band, of about five and twenty gownsmen, most of them slight made men; and the whole apparently not able to cope with more than an equal number of their opponents. Whether there be any preconcerted arrangement between the parties, I have yet to learn; but most true is

[1] Cowardly dog! why you have not a spark of true heroism in your composition. You ought to have gone boldly forth, thrown yourself under the eye of the proctor, and then with a show of considerable reluctance, made the best of your way home.—EDITOR.

it, whenever the University give the town to understand they intend to maintain their ground, the latter, be their numbers what they may, invariably make it a rule to retire. On this occasion, no very serious consequences ensued,[1] except the fracture of a few heads,[2] loss of a cap or two, and laceration of as many gowns, be considered such.

The students hunted the enemy till they were tired; and occasionally, where a solitary individual rounded a corner unadvisedly, were hunted in turn. All was silent by ten at night, to which consummation a shower of rain mainly contributed. You cannot get rid, I see, of your old-fashioned notions, and do not think a whit the better of a night brawl because gentlemen condescend to take a part in

[1] The termination is not at all times so harmless. In my second year, three gownsmen died from the effect of injuries received in the scuffle.—Editor.

[2] Very serious this to the owners.—Editor.

it. "Why are not these disgraceful occurrences put a stop to?" (I think I hear.) "Why is there not a strong party of constables to suppress the first movement?" The staff of a constable, my good Sir, is as a broken reed in the dominions of the right worshipful: they may certainly attach their own side, if they will; but who would, when nine cases out of ten *they* are not in fault? "But is there no controul over the University men?" Oh! yes; there are a band of genteel peace-officers, termed proctors, and proproctors, who, it must be acknowledged, exert themselves, frequently at great personal risk, to preserve order; but these,

[illegible]

[1] Not an assize is held but some half-dozen petty cases of assault come on for a hearing: Gown *versus* Town, always. I am a University man: it is true, but I hope this does not prevent me from loving fair play. Nothing, I am sure, gratifies me so much as to see these trumpery actions scouted out of court, as in every instance they deserve to be.—Editor.

inclusive of attendants, do not make more than five or six, little able to manage as many hundreds. The abuse has existed, too, time out of mind; and what helps to make the matter worse, not a single writer has touched on the University, but he has lauded these low, puerile uproars as the most delightful and intellectual entertainments in the world. In this they have acted very wrong: they ought to have told them, as I would tell them, were I to turn author, and as I tell them now, though there is extremely little chance of their ever hearing of it—"You cannot conceive in what exceeding bad taste these proceedings are, and what a parcel of fools sensible people, educated, as well as uneducated, take you for." "The usage is ancient." "Be it so; but if you require, and with justice too, I think, from your senate a revision of their statute book, and a repeal of certain obsolete laws, framed, as you affirm, for children, and in no degree adapted to the age

and character of the students of the present day, may not the senate, and the public at large, require from you, in your turn, a discontinuance of practices still less adapted to your age and character, and disgraceful even to your predecessors?" Pretty much in these terms should I have scolded them, at the risk of being hissed next time I came to Cambridge.—Adieu!

LETTER V.

Cambridge, November —, 182—

DEAR ——,

HITHERTO I have been but a volunteer. I am now regularly enrolled in the ranks, and have taken my place. I hope I shall keep it, amongst the adventurous and high-spirited sons of Alma Mater. Alma Mater! that sound has lost half its venerableness and beauty since that dirty sinner — you know whom I mean — presumed to meddle with it. Now don't be personal. No! I hate personalities — so to proceed. The thirteenth was Matriculation day, denoting, by the purest analogy, I conjecture, the "new birth," so strongly insisted on by our modern

divines; and if the assumption of new relations, new ideas, new modes of thought, in no degree assimilating to previously conceived modes, go any way to establish the phenomenon, it certainly is so. In walking the streets of a populous town, you have sometimes met a man in a blue coat, cloth waistcoat, drab trowsers, and Wellingtons; going on a little farther, you have met another, in a black coat, buff waistcoat, grey trowsers perhaps and shoes; and at the turn of a corner, a third, in a brown surtout; and all this, it may be, without exciting any particular attention on your part, or inducing you to examine minutely the countenances of these persons. You are astonished, confounded. I see you are ... "a new science?" exactly. I am but at the foot of the hill, yet my view is wide and extended; what must it be higher up? what at the summit? Intellectuality, Sir, if you could but see it, beams even from the buttonhole. But, to assist your vision,

come to us, throw over your shoulders a slender shred of silk or serge, and you become in an instant transformed from your former natural self; you throw off "the old man," and weak, dull, clownish, awkward, as you may have been (don't be offended, I do not say you are so), you are strong, bright, courtly, expert in the twinkling of an eye. What is there such power in a bit of manufactured stuff? And there is it is so it must be—the mantle of Elijah—saved by a miracle in these holy places, multiplied in a thousand shapes, but preserving in all like the precious relics of the cross, its personal identity undiminished. To the proof: leave your gown at home; go into a mixed company, where you are not known; give your opinion on men and things; how flat and pointless are your words! no one listens—no one cares. But go, fetch the enchanted robe, and your opinions become wisdom itself; your words are sparkling, and effective. Every one listens—every one ad-

mines. "And will the gown do all this?" All this and more. "But, if it invest me with thoughts, will it also direct truly those I already have?" Will it? Listen: in your rough state of existence, you have thought talent capable of exhibiting itself in a hundred different ways: you have believed there have been poets of talent, historians of talent, painters of talent, sculptors of talent. Assume the manthe, and you will cease to think so. You will view, with feelings of intense admiration, an oblong building of rough stone: you will observe several elderly gentlemen going to, and coming from it; some preceded by maces, some carrying brass-clasped volumes: you will then perceive, what you never perceived before, that that oblong building is the temple of true talent; that these elderly gentlemen, with their maces, and brazen-bound books, are the high priests, and assistant ministers: you will turn your eyes in search of genius, and find it de-

cyphering a problem paper you will watch acuteness, and observe it working out an equation; you will wonder where application can have got to, and you will discover it behind a statue, cramming three pages of formulæ.

But what a blunder have I committed! I have talked to you about and about the consequences of matriculation; and yet have told you nothing really of it. The ceremony then is in this wise: we all meet in the Senate-house about eleven in the forenoon, and are led up in the order of our Colleges, which, by the way, depends on the seniority of our fathers—every College having a father. If I were inclined to be censorious, which I am not; but if I was, I should say, where there are so many fathers and only one mother, the virtue of that lady must be of a most easy description. I shall say no such thing; but just tell you we are led up in the order of our Colleges to take a very frightful oath, in virtue of which we bind our

selves to submit to the authority of the University in all things, unconditionally; but, for fear this horrible oath should chance to be misconstrued, and poor weak-minded people led to imagine some actual obedience is intended to be enforced, happily, there is a proviso guaranteeing you from any unpleasant qualms of conscience, in a breach of faith, provided you are able and willing to pay the penalties awarded to such derelictions. Some ungrateful children will be unmindful of their parents, and think of them no more than if they had never seen them; but our dear mother is a most wise woman, and takes the properest precautions to preserve in our minds a vivid recollection of our first embrace. How so? Thus: the very instant she opens her bosom to us, she bids us open our pockets to her, and by our hands, or our tutor's, deposit in her hands, or her faithful servant's, the sum of fifty shillings, as a token of early love; and, as a subsidiary hold on our

affections, she presents us with a copy of her laws and ordinances, in a delicate blue paper covered pamphlet, written part in English, part in Latin; but Latin, of what era I cannot take on myself to say. It must be very ancient indeed, I should think, though, as in our dictionaries, which contain phrases from all authors of the Augustan age, and three or four centuries higher, not a single form of expression at all similar is to be found. This code of laws must have suggested to Napoleon his famous code, so brief, lucid, and admirable are its arrangements, and consequently so perfect the obedience which is paid to them: one article declares—"No student *in statu pupillari* shall ride on horseback, muleback, assback, or in any phaeton, tandem,[1], tilbury, tax-cart, without

[1] These dangerous, and certainly inelegant equipages, are prohibited altogether; and well for the necks of some ambitious people is it that it is so.—EDITOR.

previously having obtained the consent of his tutor, on pain of fine."[1] These, though inserted in brackets, are not the express words, but I believe the express sense. Who would presume to violate so clear an order—to fail in respect to "the wisdom of our ancestors?"—No one.

The tutors' doors, therefore, are thronged, between the hours of twelve and one, with anxious and noisy applicants, all claiming precedency—all making efforts to ensure the claim. I have never beheld this scene, it is true; but it must take place daily, or what becomes of "the wisdom of our ancestors?", or what, even, of the mercy of our cotemporaries, who con-

[1] The restriction on M.A.'s from playing at marbles on the Senate-house steps, is taken off; at least it does not appear in the statute-book, or I have overlooked it. They have changed their pastime, I understand, and play at quoits behind the Colleges instead. —Editor.

tinue to confine so many useful words in a prison of sentences, dull, cold, and inanimate? I have just been admitted a member of a debating society established here. You shall have an account of it in my next.—Adieu!

LETTER VI.

Cambridge, December —, 182—.

DEAR ———,

THE debating society, I think—I am a contributing member,[1] elected two meetings since: the ballot boxes are carried round *pro forma;* but there is no fear of being excluded; they cannot afford to black-ball you. Your soverein is a soverein—" no hack pun"—well, I won't inflict it on you then—is grateful to the treasurer, and therefore your person agreeable in the sight of

[1] A member contributing six terms becomes, on the seventh, an honorary member; a member non-contributing two terms, becomes, on the third, a posted-member—a shorter road to distinction.—EDITOR.

the society. The Union (understand that is its name) was suppressed once; why, no one could tell, nor at whose instance, till years after all curiosity on the subject had subsided, the discovery was gratuitously made by a gentleman of the name of Wright, who, in a *right*—no! a *right* benevolent book of his, took on himself the sole credit of having written a letter to the then Vice-chancellor, denouncing the Union in the due Socratic form, as "the corrupter of the youth of the academy." This scrawl reached the Vice in an unhappy moment, perhaps he was getting out a new proof of the common measure; perhaps he was mystified in the binomial. Be this as it may, down went the proctors that same night—a very clever fellow was on his legs at the time—a cleverer in the chair[1]

[1] A writer of some ability, but of no judgment. —EDITOR.

According to tradition, Mr. W. of Trinity was president on the occasion, and put the question, whether

—*published their bands*, and in less time than I have taken to write this, married the theatre of eloquence to imperturbable silence.

Since then, the marriage has been set aside, and the honourable members restored to their functions, the Union is now in full vigour, the debates, very often remarkably entertaining, are invariably conducted with peculiar

the address of the proctors was to be received. On a division all the members paired off.—EDITOR.

I have thought differently; I have thought it decaying: but happening to go down there a short time since, I found, to my surprise, nearly two hundred men present, besides two tables covered with green baize, four glass decanters, eight ditto tumblers, and three quarts more water than is usually required to float the buoyant eloquence of honourable gentlemen. The question explained the phenomenon; it was Catholic Emancipation, opened by a gentleman of the first year, Mr.—no matter;—whoever he was, considering how excessive threadbare the thesis is grown, he contrived to hide the seams with tolerable adroitness. —EDITOR.

solemnity. We have very condescendingly taken the House of Commons as our model: we are therefore, as I have already given you to understand, all honourable gentlemen in parliament assembled. Our room is designated "the House;" our meetings "sittings;" our term a "session." Protests, too, let me tell you, are entered with patriotic hardihood, and offenders admonished with mimic austerity. To read the reports, one would imagine the House of Commons people got on swimmingly with their speeches—never were at a loss for a word — sentence brushing sentence, like — "what"—oh! like—any thing. But just pop your head into the gallery some night, and you will fancy half the paupers in Mary le Bone are at work, breaking stones for Mr. M'Adam; so much puffing and blowing, so much hammering and thumping. Now all this might easily be remedied, if they would only dispatch some sensible, sharp-witted fellow, —

Tommy Lethbridge for instance — to hear how we talk. Do we stop and stammer, and hum and haw? no such thing! "Does any honourable member wish to address the Society?" Up starts Mr. () any body—Tomkins, if you will. "Mr. President, (speaker in the lower house, we do not consider the title dignified enough,) impressed as I am with the importance of the subject, (character of Billie Nicol Jarvie), and unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, I cannot allow this eventful night to pass without expressing," &c. &c. &c. The speaker is cool and collected; no alarm—no hesitation; on he goes, sprightly and volubly, for half an hour or more, and then throws himself on the indulgence of the society, and then on the bench of green baize. Your St. Stephen fellows make such a parade of the little they know, or have gleaned on any point. We can teach them modesty too. "Is a reform of the poor laws desirable?" The member who

is to bring the motion forward, but a fortnight given him for preparation; not time enough that you would say, to get through all that had been thought or written on the subject. What you think he reads for it? Nonsense—not he! He eats, and drinks, and sleeps, just as he did before; and spends the remaining time in his ordinary avocations. The night approaches—he is in his place, looking meditative, but neither pale nor anxious. Private business of no importance settled; that is, half the society's revenues voted away, by some dozen hands, in 50*l.*[1] largesses to Spanish Refugees, &c. &c. &c. Mr. — is declared "at liberty to address the

[1] This is put an end to, I believe; at least I heard a very sensible remark made the last evening I was there by a treasurer or secretary, I did not notice which, as to the advantage likely to accrue to the Society by honourable members "doing the charitable" in their individual rather than collective capacity.—EDITOR.

society." He rises with great dignity — is cheered, and *hear'd* by every body about him — pours out a tumbler of water — drinks it off — turns his back on the president — fixes his eyes on the nearest globe lamp, and begins: "Perfectly aware, Sir, as I am, how little I deserve the attention of the house, (cheers,) and feeling, as I do, an utter unacquaintance with this most arduous subject, I can only throw myself" to you know where, — "how modest!" — very — "he knows, I suppose, every inch of the ground?" — yes, full as well as those he addresses himself to, do.

We have a reading room too, a very excellent reading room; there is scarcely a journal of any interest[1] that is not taken in: beside, I may say, all periodicals.

A library, is I am informed, in progress of

[1] Of interest enough to get taken in, is meant, I conceive.—EDITOR.

establishing, which will make our institution not merely the best of the kind here, but in the whole kingdom. "Are you serious?"—I am, indeed; you fancy me a little given to bantering,—good-natured bantering if you will, but nothing ill-natured, nothing individual. If I think "the state of Denmark rotten," may I not say so?—"You may so to me if you like; but were you ever to publish these letters, you must blot out your sayings."—Why?—"You know the adage"—were I to go a little farther, and, acting on the knowledge no person of decent penetration can be a week at Cambridge without acquiring,

The best speakers in my time were Hildyard, Macauley, Praed, and Rawlinson; the ablest at present are Hankinson, Kemble, Sterling, Sunderland, &c. I can speak to these four gentlemen, not merely on the testimony of others, but on my own. I have heard them, and with pleasure. In point of style, the first is witty, the second metaphysical, the third critically acute, the fourth fluent to a miracle.—Editor.

express, in precise terms, the feeling of all sensible persons on the subject, and then—publish —"then, if the expression of feeling be not very expensive, the book might sell; but you" —Oh! never mind me, if the book would sell, that is all; you think it would—"I do"—then I have a great mind to try—"think well first, remember Wright and Atkinson"—a touch of the jailor's warning to the crowd at an execution—"remember Abershaw." I remember both these gentlemen, and mean, if I write, to take a very different course. They stood at the gate of honour, one with a broken head, the other with a part of his coat-tail torn off, and said, as the people were crowding in, "come back, if you value your lives; come back! you can't get seats; look how we have been used, stout able-bodied fellows like us; you'll all be crushed to death!" Now, if these good people had gone in the right way, they might have got very comfortable places, without any trouble or

detriment; but if one chose to go out of his way to break his head against a post, and the other to catch his vestment by a most inoffensive nail, whose fault was that? "It's an allegory"—do you understand it?—"No"—nor I.

This shall I do. Sometimes, you know, men are to be censured out of silly practices; then I shall look grave, and talk gravel. Sometimes they must be laughed out of them; then I shall drop my gravity, and take up with the cap and bells; but, (suppose me on the table just about to address the company,)—"but, gentlemen, whether I censure or ridicule, I trust, though my censures pass unregarded, though my ridicule fail in exciting a smile,—I trust, I say, I shall stand clear from having resorted to either under the influence of spleen, or from an unworthy or malignant motive." I won't mar the effect of so fine a piece of eloquence by adding more than, Adieu!

The six preceding letters were regularly dated. I have therefore been enabled to place them in their correct order. The remainder, forming by far the larger portion, have simply the word "Cambridge" heading them, without any note of month or year. They have evidently been written within short intervals, and at no very distant period, as the ink is little faded, and exhibits no perceptible difference in the separate sheets. With the writer himself I have no direct communication; he is at present abroad; were he here, he might assist me in arranging them. In his absence, I have exercised my discretionary power, and taken the subjects descanted on as my guides, in preference to the penmanship. If I have done wrong, I hope the reader, taking into consideration the difficulties of my situation, will excuse me.—Editor.

LETTER VII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——

Did you ever learn to read? "What a question!—to be sure I have." Ah! to read absolutely, but never in the sense I mean. —"I do not know what sense you do mean." —You don't? I'll tell you:—reading is here a separate branch of science, just as much so as astronomy, optics, mechanics, to which indeed it bears some affinity,—"nonsense!"—or any other. Have you a taste for study? do you find particular hours of the day suit your head or your constitution, or both best? Then, my dear Sir, your taste is a very impertinent taste,

it overleaps the bounds we in our wisdom have set to it. Discharge it on the spot! Hear what the system says. (Enter System, in a grey morning gown, gaiters, and shoes.) "You must rise to chapel,—what indeed is chapel for but to make you get up? That will be at seven: at half-past or a little earlier, provided the officiating minister (dean) knows his business, you will be let out; then go and take a constitutional till eight. What are you staring at, man? I say, take a constitutional or walk half an hour, as it may be, as fast as you can, in the teeth of the wind. Mind and have a book of formulas with you, and imbibe fresh air and stale theorems at the same time. From eight to ten you will have lectures to attend: these miss on no account. You may pick up a good thought here and

Oh, System! System! to think of your insisting on the thirty-nine articles, and talking so; it is quite shocking! it is indeed.—Editor.

there, and that is better than picking a quarrel with your tutor, which you must, if you do not attend them. Besides, if the lectures were even of no use at all, how, my dear alumnus, can you with any conscience expect they should be? The poor man only has 2*l.* 10*s.* per quarter for giving them, — not a shilling a discourse that! The instant the lecturer closes his book, and makes his bow to you, snatch up your cap, hurry out, and make the best of your way home. Arrived there, take out your books, place them on a high reading desk, (almost as indispensable an article of furniture as a sofa;) seat yourself parallel to it, your head inclined at an angle of 45°, and resting on your elbow; there remain fixed and immovable, and never permit your eye to travel beyond the expanse of margin till the clock strikes two. You must have all books at hand, to which references are made in your text book, be they ever so remote; for instance, in perusing a second part of algebra,

be sure to have Waring's Meditationes Analyticæ at your side, a neat and compendious work, and written in an easy and agreeable style. Two is the period for relaxation. You may make calls if you keep company; or if you keep none, stroll to Deighton's, spell the daily prints, take down from the shelves any book which catches your eye either for its binding or contents; and when you have amused yourself sufficiently with it, put it up again, or if it be very entertaining, turn down a leaf to find the place when you come again. If it happen to be a new work, tear the leaves asunder with your fingers; or if too humane for that, beg the favour of a paper-cutter. Perhaps you do not deal with Deighton,—no matter! Send for half a quire of scribbling paper in the course of the

This is often done.—Editor.

This is not of rare occurrence.—Editor.

This I have been actually a witness to.—Editor.

term, and that will entitle you to go as often as you like.

"If this fill not the time up, to Hall; go to the cram-market, where M.A.'s and B.A.'s walk for hire on the principle of the old statue fair. At three you dine; after dinner you go to your own rooms, or some one else's, as chance may direct. Throw yourself on a sofa, put your feet up. If you have any one to talk to, talk of the Tripos; guess who will be spoon or wedge; if no one, count the live coal in your grate, or muse on politics. Wonder what Lord P. will take for his shares in the Welsh Iron, and what's become of his dear friend the patriotic, tract-distributing member for S——; why Lord E. was called dilatory, because he did little; and Lord L. expeditious, because he does nothing;—whether Mr. P. M. has gone to Coventry, or been sent there; do any thing, in fact, but read: this is a maxim,—'no man to read between hall and chapel.'

"Vespers terminated, bitch—'O fie!'—bitch,—tea, that is. After bitch, to work as before. At twelve, to bed. Be steady and diligent, and see what a prospect opens to you,—wrangler-ships, first class places, Smith's prizes, medals, fellowships, deanships, tutorships, branching off in infinite ramifications, and converging to a bishopric at least." (Dinner-bell rings; exit System.)

The system has been so minute and explanatory, that it would be a libel on your good sense were I to support it with any auxiliary admonitions. You were enquiring about a private tutor to prepare you for the University. Take my advice,—save your time, and save your money. You have been at a good school, you know Greek and Latin, not extensively perhaps, but grammatically;—enough! "But mathematics I want;"—true! Get one of the late editions of Euclid, written symbolically; make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it, which

by yourself you can do,—that I warrant; you will find preparations enough. At Cambridge it is another matter; there, most men have private tutors: indeed, if you are a reading man, and intend to make mathematics your study, and few reading men can help it, a tutor is indispensable. The more recently he has taken his degree, the better, for reasons I will state to you. By mathematics, illiterate people mean science in general, the main business of which is truth; and to establish and illustrate this, all conventional forms of reasoning are made subservient. By mathematics they would trace all the operations of nature, imperceptible as well as perceptible, to their first principles; and make not merely wonder cease at such and such effects being produced, but show by the clearest demonstration the utter impossibility of any other than these being produced. In default of whist, scandal, a round game, or a Chinese puzzle, an entertaining and some-

what instructive sport; but where philosophy presides, where—"my night cap"—well, then, I say, where philosophy presides, to be a good mathematician, ingredients of a very different nature must be amalgamated; intense application, a sound memory, unity of idea or less, must belong to you. There is a castrated catalogue of mathematical writers published by authority; that catalogue you must have read, and committed to memory. It is possible science may have found more able expositors in other writers; but were they Cambridge men?—No; they may be read then, but not as text books. I assure you this, be your natural or acquired taste for science what it may, be your reading ever so varied, be your knowledge ever so profound, if in the pride of your heart you have neglected Mr. A.'s figure of the earth, Mr. B.'s view of the differential calculus, or Mr. C.'s treatise on optics, you might just

as well (as far as academical honours are concerned), have spent your time in a careful perusal of all the invaluable tales of sentiment that have issued from the Minerva press from the earliest period down to the present. —Adieu!

LETTER VIII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

IN my last I gave you to understand what was requisite to be a mathematician—a "true bill," upon my honour; and if you will allow me once to play on the word, I promise not to offend again—"a bill of pains and penalties" besides. Now, to point out the superior utility of a tutor, fresh from the senate-house, such a person will necessarily have crammed[1] a great deal, and this with considerable judgment; he will be able to in-

[1] Cramming—knowledge, in a kind of metaphysical sense, independent of perception.—EDITOR.

form you what, of all he got up,[1] told most; what peculiar methods of writing outpleased particular examiners;—"but this is of no consequence, except the same persons examine again." They do examine again, year after year, in chief or subordinately, as witness H— and C—; and the favour you may possibly find in Mr. So-and-So's eyes by the use of the same notation which he uses in one of his books. Attention to these points, trifling and unimportant as they may seem, has frequently elevated men into wranglers, who would, but for that, have found a sure footing at the bottom of the ladder of fame.

You scarcely credit this. What would you think of a tutor, whose whole celebrity depends on his skill in the art of felicitous cramming, who has attained very high distinctions, without

[1] Getting up—a phrase used actively, the mind in the meanwhile remaining passive.—EDITOR.

a single particle of genius, talent, or ability? Go to him, and say, "I want such and such place."—"Very well, Sir" (he will answer, and take down the J—— Mss.); "very well; you must get up half this page; you see I have marked it, and (turning over the pages) this short proof here, it is often set; and there's the 'crepusculum,' that you must have by all means."—"Crepusculum, Sir! what does crepusculum mean?" "Oh! never mind what it means, get it up, and write it out, that's all you have to do. I don't know what it means myself—men call it so." I must not give names;[1]—it were wiser, perhaps, that I should give over; so I will pass on to the sister (but younger sis-

[1] You must not give the name of course. I only wonder at your imprudence in giving the description. Suppose you were discovered, and put out of sizings and commons, or compelled to dine in St. J—'s hall for a week, which is equivalent; what would you say to that, Sir?—Editor.

ter) department—classics. There, you have not the least occasion for a tutor; you are a great deal better without one—all you have to do is to read as many authors as fall in your way. The best editions you can use are those with the text only,[1] the Didot for instance: you may occasionally find darkness turned into light in a voluminous commentary: you will much oftener, I fear, have to bewail light converted into darkness.

In the course of your reading, if you encounter a difficulty, turn it over and over, examine it in all points of view, and if it still resist your attempts, leave it, and pursue your road; it is ten chances to one that you light on something a little farther on calculated to elucidate the difficulty. If even this fail, go

[1] Some authors do really require notes—Aristophanes, say. We scarcely understand Foote's farces now, much less the Athenian's.—Editor.

on, and when you have finished the day's work, recur to the passage. Do this some days together, and if light do not break in on you at last, be assured it is because not a particle of that heavenly quality exists there; it is either corrupt, and therefore without remedy, or depends on some locality not ascertainable: the notes, were you to con them for a month, could tell you no more. The trials also, which, if you are an enterprising scholar, you will have to undergo, are conducted on the fairest[1] principles possible. They consist for the most part in passages given from the original to turn into English. If you

[1] Since this panegyric on the classical tripos by implication affects the mathematical, it is but justice to remark, since these letters were written considerable improvements have been made in the latter; and more are pending, of which a diminution of articles of cram, and abolition of the distinctions made between the lowest and higher classes, are not the least salutary. —EDITOR.

have read extensively, and remember at all what you have read, you cannot fail of being competent to this. Things were managed differently in the days of cram (for classics have had their cram days too, though they are happily past); and I will just tell you how they were managed, in order to point out the infinite superiority of the present system (no connexion with the loquacious system above mentioned): papers containing a number of questions on history, geography, and chronology, were given, and these, if correctly answered, produced most marks.

In history, you would be asked how many towns the Athenians took, and how many they lost in the Peloponnesian war; what were the forces brought into the field at each engagement; the relative number of heavy-armed, light-armed, and cavalry; the weight of the arms worn by the first; the amount of the javelins carried by the second; and the value of the horses ridden by the third,

were to be stated minutely. In geography, you would be required to give a map of the Peiræus, with the principal street, quays, wharfs, dock-yards, &c. In chronology, the date of the first opera performed at Athens; exact day Xerxes made the first incision into mount Athos; and precise time of the year Cicero parted with his wife Terentia, were essentially requisite. "This is a burlesque, without the merit of originality."—It is no burlesque, indeed; the counterpart you will find in the Dean of P—'s book. Now the consequences of all this are very easy to be seen: where they would have read authors, men only read indexes: compendiums of the manners, customs, and peculiarities of Greece and Rome were eagerly sought after and anxiously devoured: tables of chronology, the briefer the better, were in the greatest quest; and many a man was indebted for the eclât which attended his exit, to Dr. Grey's humble and unambitious

help to memory. In fact, every thing was known but what was most necessary to be known, the language, the sole medium of authentic information. These times have passed away; and if a "laudator temporis acti" point to Porson—"ah! Porson! take care what you are about; he is the tutelary saint of Trinity"—point to Porson as a specimen of his school, I will tell him, much as I admire Porson, and great as I acknowledge his talents unquestionably to have been, even he, that demigod himself, betrays in his classical writings not a little of the dulness, and not a little of the frivolity which deformed and disgraced his era. After all, I will ask, what is Porson best known by in Cambridge?—"that is a leading question—the court overrules it:"—on what is his reputation staked? on an edition of four plays of Euripides!!! Allow him all the credit he deserves for having purified the text; but is that all the student expects in a first-rate critic? If he correct the text, I think he ought

also to explain it occasionally where explanation is required. There is scarcely one explanatory note throughout the whole book. He was better acquainted with metres in general than perhaps any scholar of his day, and has written a very able treatise on the Iambic metre in particular; but are not metres, in the Greek language especially, allowed by every scholar to be vague and uncertain? Take the choral odes, for instance, on which so much time has been spent, who knows whether they were said or sung? whether the music was adapted to the words, or the words to the music? and yet, except this be ascertained with some degree of precision, how is it possible to arrange the lines? The lines are arranged, it is true, and names are given them; but, as every scholar knows, pretty much at hazard. If Porson, with the great powers which he possessed, had condescended to illustrate real difficulties, in preference to correcting imaginary errors, he would have merited

a much higher niche in the temple of fame than impartial criticism is at present disposed to award him. But where was I? Oh! the classical examinations. Well, I have told you, translations[1] from the two languages into English profit one best: next to that, from English into the languages; and last of all, verse composition; at least an intimate friend of mine reached a good position without them. He manufactured a few lines, I think, and they may have been true to measure, but it must have been by the *joiner's* rule, if they were, for he had as little of the *ars poetica* about him as any body. He has too many good gifts already to wish one to be imputed to him which he has not.—Adieu!

[1] It is said translations will carry a man into the first class. I know one who did translations, and not even all, and not even well, and little else, and he was within two places of it. It was considered a bad year, I understand (1827).—EDITOR.

LETTER IX.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

HAVING nothing particular to do, I turned into the senate-house the other day, on a congregation, and found the Vice in his paraphernalia at the upper end, and a number of dons about him; the most conspicuous of whom was a tall, red-faced man, spouting Latin at a most alarming rate: at a little distance stood a slight, gentlemanly-looking lad, of seventeen or eighteen. It was the ceremony of conferring an honorary degree—"What is that?"—I'll tell you presently. I came in soon enough for a smart sprinkling of senate-house oratory, be-

stowed by its fee'd advocate. The degree of M.A. entitles the possessor to the use of the library, to see the curiosities in the Fitzwilliam, and to advance his interest as far as he can by a convenient modification of patriotism; that is to say, to have a vote for a member of parliament; he comes into possession at the expiration of six years, at an expense I do not like to say, but not trifling certainly: well, an honorary M.A. has all this at the end of two years, at no great expense necessarily.—"Why then is it called honorary?"—I cannot explain to you, except it be, the word honorary conveys the idea of honour, and persons must be persons of honour before they can have the degree. Perhaps you would like to know who these are. I will tell you out of the kalendar which I have before me. 1. Privy counsellors. 2. Bishops. 3. Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons. 4. Sons of noblemen. 5. Persons related to the King's Majesty, either by consanguinity or

affinity,[1] provided they be also honourable. 6. Eldest sons of such persons. 7. Baronets. 8. Knights. You never knew before that learning was hereditary. You see it must be, or why make a degree, the natural evidence of some information, contingent on a title? You have no idea what a number of hidden relations we find out, which no one ever dreamt of before.

Oxford is a monstrous way behind us: they take honorary in its obsolete sense, and make it of no value at all: our motive is evidently this, to hang out a sign that the aristocracy may know where to come for good accommodation for man and beast; and really when we come to think how much independence, and what the world calls liberal feeling, we have thrown away in fitting up this inn for their reception,

[1] If you can deduce your descent from Nell Gwyn and her royal paramour, it will do.—EDITOR.

the aristocracy have treated us very scurvily. Indeed all the oldest and most respectable of them have gone to Oxford, where no consideration will be paid either to their money or their influence:—is not this strange? Not at all: young men of high spirit, and an ambitious temperament, as most of our nobles are, choose rather to earn distinction by an effort of the mind, and have it by them as a pleasing recollection, than to receive it as a boon,[1] and preserve it, which too often is the case, as a memento of sloth, licentiousness, and extravagance. This is not quite all; there is another excrescence which has grown on us by royal favour, less glaring certainly, but a deformity

[1] An instance is on record of a student entitled to an honorary degree waiving that privilege, and submitting to the usual examinations; Tighe, last wrangler and senior medallist in the year 1760. The name will be familiar to admirers of poetry, as having been borne by the authoress of Psyche.—Editor.

still—I mean the bachelors of divinity, quà ten-year men: "these are allowed by the ninth statute of Queen Elizabeth, which permits persons who are admitted at any College, being twenty-four years of age and upwards, to take the degree of B.D. at the end of ten years: during the last two years they must reside the greater part of three several terms." Very obliging this of good Queen Bess, to accommodate such as, late in life, tired of the world and its frivolities, wish to retire into the bosom of the church; a most wise ordinance, but rather hard for all that on the regular B.D.'s, who have been trained to the profession from their infancy, and have reached by the several gradations of B.A. and M.A., possibly with credit to themselves, this high rank in clerical precedency. Should there not be some distinction made? some method of notation adopted by which we might in an instant recognise the

constitutional and unconstitutional B. D.? would this do?

Let BA + MA = B. D.

And 0 + 0 + 10 ys. = B'. D'.

At St. Johns and Queens, both divinity colleges, the greater part of the fellows are compelled to proceed to the degree of B. D. at the proper interval; to these, therefore, the dash (') would be very desirable, as at present they are confounded with a class of persons with whom, perhaps, they have nothing in common. The best plan would be, to petition the legislature to abolish the degree; or else extend it to Oxford. That strong hold of loyalty should profit by royal benevolence as well as our poor whiggish community. At present its efficacy is mainly destroyed by a collusion—"that's a hard word;"—well, an understanding, then, between the Bishops and the University: the Bishops say, "we won't ordain you without a degree;" and the University says, "I won't

allow you to preach a sermon, a *sine qua non* to giving you the degree, without you are ordained." This is all fair. Set aside, or get repealed a bad law; and, if that be impracticable, evade it. The ten-year men have put forth several inch-thick pamphlets on the occasion; and the B. D.'s have returned equally massive replies. Any body may find them in Deighton's shop, each by the side of the other, enjoying a most serene and inoffensive proximity. In discussing the honorary degrees, I ought to have remarked they are not quite such matter-of-course things as they were: some examination is thought necessary; but the existence of the degree at all is still, with some discontented, factious people, as great a subject of complaint as ever.—Adieu!

LETTER X.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

DID you know, every man before he goes out,[1] if in honours, is required to keep one act at least, and three opponencies? Some first-rate men keep double the number: in the Act the patient has to read a Latin thesis on some moral subject taken from Locke, Paley, or Butler: drunkenness is the common theme, as every man is sure to be acquainted with the character and properties of the vice. After that, he is to

[1] Goes out; that is to say, goes in—to be examined for his degree.—EDITOR.

reply to arguments brought against him by three antagonists in succession; called first opponent, second opponent, and third opponent, on three subjects of science, previously chosen by himself. The first opponent brings eight, the second, five; the third, three; the whole dispute is to be maintained in Latin: Latin, too, of the purest Ciceronian order. Very difficult task this, and calculated to call forth considerable acuteness and ingenuity, is it not? Now, I will let you in by a private door, and take you behind the curtain. I use theatrical phrase, to be in keeping with a scene simply theatrical. On some evening previous to the performance, the first opponent gives a tea party, at which, the notion is, the second and third opponents are present, and compare their arguments, that they may not hustle one another. —But the Act[1]—O! do not be surprised—the

[1] A figure in grammar with a long name; the thing for the person.

Act attends it also, is shown the arguments that are to be brought against him, and, if he be not either a very dull, or a very timid[1] man, is able to take off the greater part of them when the day arrives.

It just as often happens, and no oftener,[2] that a really good mathematician has a very extensive acquaintance with the Latin language, as that a splendid classic is a prodigy in science. The attention therefore paid, as well to quantity as to diction, in a few of these scenes, is most admirable; *radīce* is generally pronounced *radĭce*, by Smith's prizemen, and others; and in the expression *unitas applicatum ad* (one divided by), a very becoming deference is conceived to be paid to the delicate softness of the

[1] It occasionally happens men are so frightened as not to be able to read out arguments, much less answer them.—EDITOR.

[2] This last year though (1828), there have been several double first-class men.—EDITOR.

feminine gender; in *duos ductos in tres*, we easily arrive at the idea intended to be conveyed, two led into three; that is, two carried into three or brought or taken to; this is evidently identical in signification with multiplied into, which is the true scholastic version. *Developare*, to develope, gives also a striking proof of the similarity the Latin bears to the English idiom. Other phrases might be found, but enough have been given to show how necessary it is to the well-being of literature, to preserve as long as we are able, these rare relics of Augustan elegance. It is with extreme sorrow truth compels me to add, one or two leading men, with an effrontery scarcely to be matched, have endeavoured to do away with this excellent practice. You see even to this hallowed spot radicalism has penetrated, and seeks to set up its own folly in opposition to the "wisdom of our ancestors." Give it up, indeed! and part with so fine a field for mock wit and ready-

made acuteness:—no, never.—"Modify it, then, and dispute in English."—Dispute in English, Sir!—you must be a man of most "obtuse ingenuity,"[1] to propose such an alteration; know you not science might lose half its beauty, spoken in the mother tongue?—*omne ignotum pro magnifico habetur*. Besides, what will become of Cicero, Cæsar, Sallust, Plautus, Terence, Tacitus, &c. if we drop Latinity? The argument is impregnable, and so—long live the schools! And even were the schools to live for ever, just in their present state, not a jot improved, I would say to a man asking my advice, If you entertain any feeling short of a downright aversion for study, the best thing you can do is to read, be it ever so little; if you are fortunate enough to achieve honour, well; if you have honour thrust upon you, such

[1] "Obtuse ingenuity:"—a civil epithet, applied by one member of the senate to another at the last general election.—EDITOR.

as you never coveted, be consoled, you will have lost nothing. The stories your friends will propagate in your behalf, are certain of propitiating all beyond the circle of the Academy, if they fail in convincing those within it. It is the commonest thing in the world to hear it said of a wedge, the *ultima Thule* of classic depreciation, he is *really* (with due emphasis) a very fair scholar, quite competent to lead the second class at least; but, poor fellow! he read too hard, or too deep; he wrote indistinctly, or leisurely; he lost his papers, or his wits. Now, if all this be propped up with a good-natured comment or two from some examiner, or some examiner's friend;—and examiners and their friends too are glad enough to say good-natured things, if good-natured things can be of any service in cooling the fever of disappointment;[1]—if, I say, all this be so

[1] This is perfectly true. I recollect several of these

propped up, it passes current with those who do not give themselves the trouble to think on the subject; that is to say, with almost every one, and thus the man gains pity for his real sufferings, and admiration for his reputed merits.[1]

In the twin venture it is just the same. A tall, thin, lank-haired, pale-faced, miserable-looking wretch,[2] who narrowly escaped the

cooling draughts were administered to myself by some kind hand; and they were of considerable efficacy in reducing my pulse.—EDITOR.

[1] Perhaps, if possible, it is better to try to get an honour, and not succeed, or, in technical phrase, "gulph." So much erudition is considered to be buried in the bottomless deep.—EDITOR.

[2] If I know for whom this is intended, his fortunes were peculiarly malignant. He answered, I have no doubt, with great accuracy, a third of the papers given, and ought to have led the senior optimes at least, which the man who set next him did. Instead of

spoon, was certainly in the fatal bracket, was pointed out to me the other day as a *really* (as usual) very able mathematician, knew Lacroix by heart, notes and all—no trifle this!—and had been, in fact, preparing a work for the press, on some of the higher branches, at the very time the merciless Tripos quashed his expectations. He took the lead in conversation, never used any word under three syllables, and always, I noticed, in pronunciation, laid the stress on the wrong place. I am thus minute, as it is the fashion now-a-days to record the minutest circumstances relative to great geniuses. He told us a great many wonderful things in science; among others, he proved to our entire satisfaction —(I was asleep at the time—I heard of it afterwards)—how many revolutions some strange

which, the negligent, careless, idle, abominable examiners, who, I will be bound, never read his invaluable proofs, ("Query, perhaps they could not?") put him next the spoon.—EDITOR.

curve would make before it went off to infinity, and how many after that, and how many besides. O! an astonishing clever fellow! He proved all his propositions by a new method of his own; much more comprehensive certainly, as he never gave any diagrams, but left it entirely to yourself whether you would appropriate his letters to a circle, a square, or a triangle. I remarked also another proof of stupendous intellect;—he used great A, where all the books had little a. Go therefore, and fill your vial at the fountains of truth; and if you spill it all coming back again, you have only to lay the blame on the unevenness of the path by which access to it is obtained.—Adieu!

LETTER XI.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

THE Craven is just decided; an Eton man has got it. The names of one or two of the unsuccessful candidates who have distinguished themselves in the examination, are commonly put forward; and this serves as an excuse for the friends of each of the other candidates to declare, "on the best authority," how well So-and-So did, and how near he was having it. Selwyn is the winner's name; his school-fellows pit him against Kennedy, and pretend too he will cut a figure in mathematics as well. This I

do not believe. The Eton men are unknown in the first Tripos.[1]

However, in a classical point of view, Eton maintains a high character in Cambridge. Her scholars are not always the deepest read, or the most accurate; but in studying an author, they catch more happily than any his spirit and beauties, and infuse them into their productions. Flat as all imitations are,—imitations from the ancient more especially,—the modern-ancient Greek or Latin verse of an Etonian cannot fail of surprising you,—I will not say of pleasing you, for they give with so much fidelity the precise expressions and exact turn of thought of the writer imitated, and keep up the illusion so well, that, except you are a greater critic than men of your age generally are, you cannot for

[1] Was not Waud of Maudlin, fifth wrangler in 1825, an Eton man? Unless I am very much mistaken, he was.—EDITOR.

the life of you find out which is the copy and which the original. This is annoying and perplexing to a degree; so if you wish to be made uncomfortable, read Praed's prize-poems; I will answer for their producing the desired effect. Shrewsbury treads hard on the heels of "the College:" it is fair to remark, though, the Shrewsbury men have in their training an advantage their rivals do not enjoy. Dr. Butler initiates them into the Cambridge method two or three years before they come up, and makes them familiar with the perilous implements, pen, ink, and paper, a long table, and intense silence, so fatal to the nerves of ordinary men. Harrow is not very frequently heard of. I understand the notion is, all the Harrow men are very clever and very idle; this description will serve for Westminster too. Winchester shines very brilliantly when it shines at all. Rugby claims to be a public school, but I am not acquainted with any publicity that it has obtained.

—The Craven has led me a pretty dance through all the public schools: the number of competitors for it are about thirty generally. Of these not more than ten at the outside sit with any prospect of success; the rest go in for exercise, or for the papers, or to please their relations; with whom, to be in the number of those who tried for so distinguished an honour, is next in consequence to securing it. In May, another scholarship[1] is sat for,—the Hebrew; this is appropriated to bachelors of arts; and considering how important the study of this most ancient language is to men of letters who combine religion with literature, as at least University men should, it is marvellously slighted;—about half a dozen sit for it.

Now a fair classic, that is to say, a man who

[1] There are two now yearly—a first class and second class: one of 30*l.*, another of 20*l.*: the Cravens average 50*l.*—Editor.

has a little Greek, and a little less Latin, is thought a very clever fellow; but you may be more conversant with Hebrew than a rabbi, or an old-clothesman, and no one will value you a whit the higher for it. Is a medal proposed for a Greek epigram, fifty pens are at work on it in an instant; is a premium advertised for a treatise on Hebrew, or connected with Hebrew, and either the single adventurer who transmitted his solitary essay, be it good, bad, or indifferent, is declared successful candidate; or a profession is made of poverty in the University Gazette, in stating that no compositions on the subject have been sent in; or the point is saved by saying "no prize adjudged." It is currently given out, among reading men, that six months' study will qualify you for a scholarship; and if six months will indeed suffice in this language, and six years be thought inadequate in the politer ones, surely either a great deal more time is spent on the latter than is necessary, or a

very superficial knowledge is considered ample for the former. I think both these hypotheses correct, but am at present only engaged with the latter. Why should not Hebrew be studied as carefully as either of the two more favoured tongues?—"O! but then there is only one book read in the Hebrew:"—that is to say, a number of works written at different periods, by different authors, are bound up in one volume for convenience, and this you call one book. Bind up the Greek authors from Homer to Theocritus, in one volume also, and the same argument holds good there. Why read Greek? there is only one book.—"But then there is so much splendid poetry, fine sentiment, sound reasoning, and originality of idea in these writers."—Granted. Do you pretend to say there is not as much splendid poetry, fine sentiment, sound reasoning, and originality of idea in the biblical writers? "Oh! but philosophy, then."—Well, here is philosophy too,

better philosophy than yours ten times over; for this is philosophy founded on truth; and yours is philosophy whose basis is conjecture.—"But it must be an inelegant language, it stands to reason, or it would be more popular than it is." That is not the secret of its neglect; were it more elegant than any invented tongue, it would still be unpopular, because it is the language of religion; and religion, despite all the cant and nonsense of a few hypocritical demagogues, was unpopular from the first moment it entered the world, and it will be so till the last it quits it; and every thing connected with religion, in a greater or lesser degree, will feel its influence:—this is the secret of the neglect of Hebrew.—"I cannot receive this explanation; it might do very well for the London University, if it were to discountenance the study; for the London is protected by Jews, Turks, and infidels; but surely this cannot be the cause in a Protestant—most emphatically

Protestant University?"—One would think not; but so it is: still it is encouraged at the present day more than it was some half century since; for it is on record that once on a time a regius professor of divinity—ay! a mitred professor, too, took on himself that most religious office without the slightest acquaintance with the language of religion, and held it many a year so; and only learnt the language a year or two before his abdication. That chair has been so well filled since, that no one has been at all anxious to discover who this indolent ecclesiastic was. I shall confine myself, therefore, to state the fact, without intruding his name on those who don't care to hear it. I ought to have mentioned there are Bell scholarships[1] appropriated to the sons of the clergy, and not open to any but freshmen to compete for. Mathematics are introduced into this examina-

[1] The Bell is sat for about February.—EDITOR.

tion; that is to say, a few tough equations, a little innocent trigonometry, and Euclid, that most abstruse author. This is found quite enough to frighten the gentlemen of the first year, and to excite wondrous expectations of great scientific capacity, whenever, as occasionally is the case, the paper is triumphantly floored by some one hard-working cleric. I am not speaking disparagingly of the Bellmen; they are always counted on as sound classics, and expected to be high in the first class, as they have been, I believe, since the Tripos was instituted.—Adieu!

LETTER XII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

WE are very pious indeed here: poor deluded sinners think if they go twice a week to church, and offer up their prayers in the simplicity of their hearts, they have done enough, as far as public devotion is concerned. What a fatal error!—eight times a week is considered not at all too little here, and in some Colleges more is insisted on.—"It must produce a marked effect on your conduct and demeanour."—It does produce a marked effect, and you may mark it through life, if you please. It produces listlessness and indifference, and it

stifles true piety. To be plain with you, attendance at chapel is made much more a point of discipline than a point of duty; I mean religious duty. In some of the Colleges ten times, in others eight, and in none, I believe, fewer than five a week are required from all undergraduates: this is a very severe, and a very impolitic rule[1] also. Is a true perception of the efficacy of prayer likely to be given in a compulsory abuse of its purposes? Will the "beauty of holiness" strike the mind so forcibly on hearing men who, if they presented themselves on an earthly stage, and thus mutilated the language of earthly minds, would be driven with hisses from that stage;—

[1] The rule varies a little according to seniority: the freshman is expected to go oftener than the junior soph, the junior soph than the senior, and the senior than the questionist. The last October term before a man takes his degree he is called questionist.—EDITOR.

on hearing, I say, these men presumptuously profane the language of heaven? What is the excuse? what is the plea urged?—"O, it is necessary to have some kind of muster-roll." And so the priests of God will hang the muster-roll on the high altar, will they? The formal Pharisee could do no more. If a muster-roll be so necessary, why not make it at Hall? The restrictions imposed on the porters of Colleges, and on licensed lodging-house keepers, would form an adequate support to this, if any apprehensions were entertained of the misapplication of the intervening time. This is bad enough; but there is worse to come, and come it shall. Put it to the serious-minded man, and ask him what he would think, were he to be told, that not merely the regular services are so abused, but that the most awful ceremony of the Christian church, no less than the Sacrament itself, is treated in many of these establishments (some I except) with equal

levity and contempt? Whenever celebration of it is enjoined, you must attend: no scruples of conscience are admissible; no sense of unworthiness can be pleaded. If you have just risen from a debauch, your senses steeped in wine, your better feelings unawakened to a sense of duty—well: if, the bread touched, and the tremendous cup tasted, you return to the carousal you have quitted—no matter:—an imperious necessity commands, and you hope (and I trust not in vain) the shame, and the guiltiness of the deed, will rest on their heads who dragged you to it. I have said I except some: these are Trinity, Catherine Hall, and St. Johns: there may be more: I shall be happy to be corrected. I do not recollect any at present. Trinity has sacrament administered on

[illegible]

[1] Persons of any religious persuasion can receive the education of the place at Trinity; Catholic, Calvinist, Methodist, or what not. So feeble, it is said, is

a week day; St. Johns, I believe, the same; Catherine Hall exacts strict attendance to chapel on Sunday (this no person will object to), except it be Sacrament Sunday; then it is optional to go or not. Bachelors, though nominally *in statu pupillari*, are scarcely considered actually so, and therefore enjoy an exemption in general; still it is expected of them to appear once or twice in the week at chapel; at Trinity rather oftener; indeed, in the fierce times of Bentley and his imitators, this notion of discipline has been known to have been carried so far, as to cause a withholding of certain monies due to the scholars in residence, and many complaints thereupon, and not a few suspicions.

I will suppose you now an undergraduate, very pious withal, yet a little restive under so

the "No Popery" cry there, that the abstemious devotee can even have fish on fast-days.—Editor.

galling a discipline. You will drop off by degrees; just go seven times instead of eight, and then six instead of seven, and so on. The first sin the dean commonly winks at; on a repetition, he sends for you, discourses half an hour, perhaps, about the College[1] (you, the while, twirling your cap strings); and sends you away with a gentle reprimand: again offending, he waxes warmer, talks of convening you before the master and senior fellows; puts a few leading

[1] The College:—a most mysterious personage; often talked of, often heard of, but never seen; for whether the being is he or she I can't tell. Must be very devout; for the College requires all to attend chapel. It must be a great admirer of learning; for the College makes every one go to lectures. It certainly is not a member of the Jockey Club; for the College forbids races. It must be a little whimsical I fancy, and not a little captious; for, whenever a bad man is put into a fellowship, and a good man kept out, it is always the College does the mischief.—Horton.

questions about your particular tenets, and ends, I should not wonder, with giving you an imposition. You will ask, I dare say, what an imposition is. In the ordinary sense, it conveys the idea of deception, and the person who imposes on you the imposition is termed an imposter. It has no such ill meaning here: it denotes simply a task: thus, if for your misdeeds you are required to write out a book of Euclid, that is an imposition; if you have three hundred lines to say by heart out of Homer or Virgil, that is an imposition; if you have to translate a page of the Spectator into such Latin as your invention or imagination suggests to you, that is an imposition also.—"Very childish all this."—Nonsense; you do not understand it; it is not all childish. We have in this place students of all ages. Just fancy now the dean or task-master, whoever he may be, enthroned in an elbow-chair, his trencher on for effect, perhaps, and before him standing

a venerable criminal, with thin spare locks, or a flaxen wig, blundering out "arma virumque cano," his teeth chattering with fear, his hand shaking with palsy;—awful scene this!—what respect, what reverence does it not inspire one with? People insist so loudly on the wisdom of our ancestors; our own wisdom is much more perfect:—what did our ancestors? They, simple souls, made light and slender bands to confine the wild spirits of their youth, and fetter their lawless freedom. Whereas we, with a rare dexterity, have fitted the same bands on manhood, stretched too, and rendered weaker by the effort. And more than that, we have gravely told manhood—O! brave impudence!—these bands are of the strongest iron. Our ancestors foresaw your necessities, and they have thus provided for them; and it has believed the lie. One effort would break them asunder. We say, Move not; be quiet and obedient; and manhood

is so.—"That's very fine:[1] be so good as to translate it into English for me, if you please."—Well, then, in English, I think these impositions, with you, very childish indeed: the idea of making men grown up repeat from memory a mass of Greek and Latin, is most absurd. A pecuniary fine would answer all purposes, and produce, I have no question, a much greater regularity. The plan pursued, at present, inflicts a twofold misery on tutor and on student. The one listens with as much impatience to what he is compelled to hear, as the other delivers what he

[1] You make your letters excessively conversational, Sir! but when you put words into your friend's mouth, would it not be better to put appropriate ones, and instead of making him say "that's very fine," let him dash out with "that's very flagrant?" The whole sentence is of a most inflammatory character: why, if the students were to rise in a body, break the chapel windows, and toss the deans in a blanket, you would be responsible, I assure you, you would.—EDITOR.

has been forced to learn. Complaints have been repeatedly made, and continue to be made, hitherto without effect; but the powers that be cannot resist public feeling, when public feeling becomes plain and unequivocal; so I trust a change will take place ere long.—Adieu!

LETTER XIII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——,

CHAPELS, churches, natural connexion—not at all strained, eh!—Well, then, we will speak —"We will speak! as if you were writing a leading article in the 'bloody old Times!'"—I will speak, then, of the churches. These are very numerous, and extremely well attended, both morning and afternoon, which is the more creditable to the feelings of the students, as, with the exception of the afternoon preacher at St. Marys, Mr. Chevalier at St. Andrews, and perhaps the eccentric, but pious, Simeon, there

is no minister effective enough[1] to attract hearers for his own sake alone. I had forgotten—there is one more who would not suffer in comparison with the most brilliant of his cotemporaries,—Mr. Professor Scholefield. In sound learning, in genuine and unaffected devotion, in force of language, and in correctness of imagery, —the presence of which is a rare accomplishment, though the absence an unpardonable defect,—no divine that I have ever heard surpasses him. I speak of him only as in the pulpit: in private life he is, I believe, amiable and conciliatory. It is to be regretted in his public carriage he should wear for a moment the semblance of a morose and haughty disposition, assume a sullen austerity, practise a

[1] There was not at the time this was written; there is now—Mr. Melville of Peter-house, occasional preacher at Little St. Mary's, very eloquent, very impressive, and very sensible.—Editor.

studied discourteousness, which leaves on the mind of the casual observer an impression he may never have it in his power to correct. Were I to speak of him only as I have seen him, my evidence would be little favourable; I speak on better authority,—on the authority of those who know him well; and in common with them I bear testimony to his real virtues, while I regret his assumed infirmities.

But to return. There is a night service at two or three of the churches. This is best attended, particularly at little St. Mary's, where Mr. Simeon holds forth extempore to an attentive auditory. I cannot pretend to criticise so notorious a divine. To my imperfect sense there does appear a remarkable want of good taste in his action, and of impressiveness in his delivery. His language is wild and erratic; his tones lose half their effect from the pantomimic

A As an examiner his manner is the worst conceivable, but no person can be fairer.—EDITOR.

kind of bye-play that invariably accompanies them. When he gets hold of a good idea, he worries it to death; the repetition too, almost unavoidable in extemporaneous composition, is exceedingly wearisome. "What! have you not a good word for him?" Yes, I have; I say, despite all this, there is a sincerity in his statements, a warmth in his admonitions, which overcomes, for a moment, all these impediments. The preacher, true to Horace's rule, feels himself what he would have you feel, and he is for that very reason successful. There are many whose language is more appropriate, whose taste is more refined, whose delivery is freer from defect; yet, in this single virtue of feelingness (if I may use the word), the discourses of none leave on the mind a more durable impression. Of the afternoon preachers at St. Mary's, since the halcyon days of Benson,[1] Rose, Le Bas, and Graham, are decidedly

[1] Poor Benson! There is the wreck of a great

the most popular. You will have an opportunity of hearing all three shortly; I will not, therefore, detract from the pleasure you must experience, by giving any description, which could be but a faint one.

The great Dr. M—, the celebrated Greek scholar, occasionally favours us; he, however, for all his learning, is not much liked. Questions have arisen regarding his orthodoxy—that is not mind! Little hope of his ever returning to England, still less of becoming again what he was—the most powerful, the most impassioned, the most graceful preacher of his day.—EDITOR.

[1] What think you of a hard-headed mathematician, a man of sines and cosines, wrapped up in x, y, z, stepping out of his dull routine, and thundering in your ears grand sentiments, and brilliant language, and splendid imagery,—can you conceive it poss.? Yet there has been such a man, there is such a man, I know it to my cost. He wrote on Mechanics for his emolument, and I read what he had written to my loss.—EDITOR.

the point. He is too fond of showing his erudition, and thinks no argument valid without its being backed by three or four pages of Greek. Last time he was heard in the University church, he preached for three-quarters of an hour, if not in an unknown tongue exactly, at least in one imperfectly known to several who were present, and not so perfectly known to any as to enable them to catch his meaning accurately in a very rapid and inarticulate delivery. We have had in the Anglican church many divines as learned as Dr. M—, and many more estimable, who have found their native language sufficiently comprehensive to convey their meaning with precision to their auditory, and their own credit sufficiently good to have it believed. evidence existed where they stated it to have existed, without confusing the mind by quoting it at length. These are all that are worth while noticing; but if you have a taste for sound divinity, and like the vigorous reasoning of Til-

lotson, and others of the old school, you may be sure to meet with them, a little masqueraded perhaps, at any of the other churches which you are disposed to visit. I cannot quit this subject without alluding to one of the most important improvements that has ever been made in the art of printing;—I mean the application of lithography to imitate hand-writing. By this an inestimable benefit is conferred on the zealous and industrious pastor. He may purchase a few dozen sermons in so beautifully executed a type, that no eye could detect the deception; and at the same time that a saving of much time, a little thought, and some paper, is made, he will be enabled to silence the complaint, so often put forth against the clergy, of the sameness and monotony of their discourses, by the variety of the subjects on which he treats, and the novelty of the language in which his sentiments are conveyed.

They may be purchased at Rivington's, at

2*s.* 6*d.* a piece, but these of course are of the most costly description, and only calculated for beneficed clergymen, prebends, deans, and bishops. The inferior clergy may procure an excellent assortment at prices varying from 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* at any clerical bookseller's. Deighton has a large stock, which I know he wants to get rid of. He sent a packet down to one of the last-made bishops; but by some accident it miscarried, and in the interim his lordship was supplied from another quarter, so he had the packet on his hands. If you know any one who has to preach at an ordination, or before the king, or to deliver a charge, pray think of what I have told you; the sermons are in excellent condition, very neatly arranged, and polished off by one of the best operatives in D.'s employ.—Adieu!

LETTER XIV.

Cambridge

DEAR

THERE is something very delightful in the principle on which my letters are written; is there not? You never know from the one you are receiving, what the subject of the next is to be. I combine convenience with caution in this; I assure you I do not know myself. In my last I took you to church; in my present I am going to bring you to book,—that is, to treat of the library—"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!!" spare your indignation!—that my puns are so execrable constitutes their chief beauty—but to be serious. Architectural recommendations it has

none; I must view it therefore in another light; and in that it is one of the most extensive and valuable belonging to any public institution in the country. Oxford have one, of which they are fond of speaking; you may have heard of it,—the Boadleian. Some interesting works it is said to contain, but these are neither very numerous nor very rare;—at least, I know we made out a catalogue some years back of our books, and this the directors of the Boadleian got hold of, and instead of being at the trouble of forming one for their own use, merely contented themselves with scratching out of our lists the books their shelves did not contain; which operation, I am told, being duly performed, the catalogue became full of erasures. This last, mind, I do not state as a positive fact—the rest, I am pretty certain, is accurate; indeed, so scrupulously attached to truth am I, that I do not think I could write down a wilful misstatement

if I were to try.—"I had my doubts before—this conclusion confirms them; is not the whole tale about the Boadleian a fiction?"—No! no!—not quite a fiction!—not so bad as that; there is, I recollect now, a little mistake made;—the Boadleian had the catalogue, and we borrowed it;—they had the books, and we made the erasures. But had the mistake been greater, every one is bound to speak favourably of his own institutions; besides, you know, a lie never tells half so well as when a moral profession or two is tacked at the end of it. You may observe this if you look at history, at speeches in parliament, speeches from the throne, &c. &c. &c. I believe now we have a catalogue making out. At Oxford access is gained with difficulty to their library; here, access is granted to any,—directly to members of the senate, indirectly only to members *in statu pupillari*. Yet why not, may I ask, directly to all? since all contribute by a recent

grace to its support; and if not to all, surely the privilege might be extended to bachelors in residence, who are uniformly reading men, and to whom it is an object. They can apply to Masters of Arts for an order, certainly—and Masters of Arts will generally give them one; but still they do refuse occasionally; besides, it is very unpleasant to some people, perhaps a little over delicate or shy, to have to run over the town after men they never saw in their lives, and ask favours—sometimes, too, to be kept standing while the great man counts over his vol's. to see if he can grant you this mighty boon or not; and sometimes to receive a pettish reply, or a peremptory good-morning. I have known these things happen in more than one instance, with these Lilipatian dignitaries.—"Had not you better lay down your pen for a few minutes? you are getting rather peevish."—Don't say so, for the world; I hate peevishness; — but I really think the Senate

would act both wisely and liberally, were it to take into consideration the disabilities under which bachelors labour; and as there are, in that body, so many wise and so many liberal men, I trust my hint will not require to be repeated.[1]

There is one circumstance connected with the library which deserves to be mentioned: you will find there the best, and, indeed, all the English and French mathematical works, but scarce any of German and Italian writers. Is it that there are none worth having? Surely

[1] This gentleman is writing a private letter to a private friend in Scotland; how then, except the letter were opened at the post-office, could the Senate ever hear of his hint? It is a strange expression,—I am almost inclined to build an hypothesis on it,—an unlikely one at first sight,—that the writer actually designed these letters for publication the very time he wrote them. It is a difficult point,—as such I leave it to the more acute.—EDITOR.

not: either of these countries have done as much for science as any other single country, England not excepted; and as such, both are acknowledged all over the continent. How, then, comes it they are not permitted to have representatives here? why have we not Hindenburgh, the author of an excellent treatise on the theory of polynomials? why not Pasly, to whom we are indebted for some valuable investigations on the differential calculus? or Burmann, a disciple of Hindenburg? Why are Kramp, Arbogast, and Gauss,[1] suffered to lie neglected on the shelves on which they were first placed, while inferior writings of inferior minds enjoy a publicity they never merited? This ought to be looked too—and soon. The University are entitled, under some old act of Parliament, to a copy of every work entered

[1] Gaup or Gauss, any one tell me which is right? Never heard of the name in my life—wonder where the devil the author picked it up.—EDITOR.

at Stationers' Hall; and that they are not at all remiss in enforcing this moderate privilege, you may imagine, when I tell you that an interesting little work, containing very spirited and faithful delineations of his Majesty, his ministers, and others, found its way here, demanded, possibly, as a compliment to the reigning monarch. Our attachment to church and state is well known; the work in question was "The House that Jack Built," published by that loyal subject, profound scholar, and orthodox theologian, Mr. Hone of Ludgate Hill. We boast too of a work of most deep interest, unfortunately not yet completed; a work in which the perfect morality of the age is accurately depictured, and calculated, perhaps, better than any, to exhibit how forcibly the precepts of Christianity act on minds expanded by education, and improved by knowledge. This work is the memoirs of that truly amiable and liberal-minded woman Harriette Wilson, a spe-

cimen of virtue rarely witnessed, an attached mistress, a devoted wife, and, as such, deserving all honour in so exemplary an establishment as this is.

Still, though great libraries are enriched by this privilege, it frequently happens little publishers are exceedingly embarrassed by it, particularly if the work be of an expensive description.[1] It is not improbable that it will come before Parliament in some shape ere long; and as the existence of the right is a public grievance, the sooner it is done away with the better. Our library has, now at least, nothing to urge against the abolition—1500*l.* is raised by a poll-tax for its support, and if that is not ample to

[1] By a recent decision, a work publishing in parts is not liable to the tax on any single part before the whole be completed; if, then, the Stationers' Company have demanded and received parts of Encyclopedia, Metropolitana, and others, may they not be compelled to refund them?—EDITOR.

maintain it in respectability, I do not know what is; that is to say, provided the whole 1500*l.* find its way there, which is a doubt, as money devoted to public uses every one thinks he has a right to make free with.—Adieu!

LETTER XV.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

YOU never hear of a book published by a Cambridge man. What do you mean by that? It is a convincing proof to me you never were at Cambridge; you must have heard of some there; of course no one could expect you to hear of any elsewhere.—Our inimitable writers are superior to the forward and pushing natures of your town and country scribblers; their merit is only equalled by their modesty; originality is the prevailing excellence in their productions. But mark what a bright example they set to the sons of the quill; how diffident they are;

with what a faltering step and downcast eye they come forward to meet the public gaze. One poor simple-minded unaffected fellow shuffles up with a tract, noted, "Physical Astronomy," in his hand. "You think this is original, (he says)—you expect it: it ought to be,—indeed it's not; I took a little from a gentleman I mentioned to you—but the best is borrowed, indeed it is, notation and all, from a very clever fellow you never heard of." Who will believe this?—no one: thus does true genius shrink from admiration! But look there who comes tripping along—one from the "Green Isle" methinks. What has he in his hand? Oh! a treatise on Optics. His lips move,—hush! let us hear what he has to say. "I see you admire my book at first sight—don't do that; it is most unwise; a very small book,—very high-priced—I am quite ashamed to ask so much for it. You are looking at the diagrams. Ah! they are not worth it—not at all neatly done: besides, they

are misplaced. The text says, plate so and so concave carve, and when you look, you will find a convex one. There's A too put where B ought to be, and C elbowing out D:—very carelessly got up, indeed is it, very unscientific too. I prove, you will see, one or two cases, and then I assume a proposition to be generally true, and sometimes I make the same assumption without any proof at all—very unscientific. The fact is, I was senior wrangler—it is true—but I do not know much about mathematics for all that. The man who was second ought to have been senior, had he had his eyes about him as well as his wits; if it had not been for his optics, you would never have heard of mine, you may depend on it." Oh! sweet humility! Here comes a man in shagreen spectacles—who can this be? a man of sense? That circumstance proves, had he been a puppy, he would have worn golden ones. What has he there? "Principles of Analytical Geometry." "This

book, gentlemen, has been advertised in the Calendar these last three years past; you will do me a great injustice if you think a whit the better of it on this account; it is a compilation —don't look so incredulous—it is, I assure you, a compilation, and nothing more. I should have brought it out a great deal sooner, but had the utmost difficulty in procuring one or two authors, which were indispensable. Perhaps in the hurry of printing I have not marked each writer's distinct property; pray be so kind as to note them down as you read—they shall be all inserted in the next edition; that is, if the work go through another, which is not very probable—no one speaks well of it." "Is this—can this be true?"—not a word of it. Why the man is a fellow of Trinity; do you think a fellow of Trinity would condescend to be three years patching and mending, like an old cobbler? It is sheer modesty, on my life.—"Ah! my dear Mr. W—, what have you brought us? Every

thing proceeding from your pen, you know, must be tinctured with the 'milk of human kindness.' Oh! 'Cambridge Problems,' a book much wanted—very useful." "No, no! you are mistaken, you are mistaken; it is not half so good as it looks to be; I have left out all the hard questions, I have really." "That's too good, we can't believe that. But what have you under your arm, Mr. W—? it looks rather newer, I think." "Oh! this—this is Alma Mater, Alma Mater: you have heard of it, I dare say." "I have, I have; I recollect it perfectly—a most liberal and impartial picture of our University." "You never read it then, I am sure, and whoever told you so, told a great,—I shan't say what: it is the most illiberal and partial representation ever published—worse than A—'s by much. Why, do you know it opens with half a dozen conversations; no more like the real conversations than things most dissimilar. No one can form an idea of the trash I make the men

talk. I have a nobleman conversing with his private tutor in a whisper: now, noblemen sit at the nearest full ten yards from their private tutors, so it must have been a pretty loud whisper that; besides, there were several nice good-natured fellows who took notice of me; well, what do you think I did? I put them into my book—I did indeed, and invented nicknames for them too—one I called a beast, and another a —but you don't look happy." "Why really, Mr. W—, I—I—you were a Trinity man, were you not? you could not have done this." "Oh! this is nothing: I did a great deal more than this; you know B—, as warm-hearted and generous a man as ever lived,—he was very kind to me; he would get up an hour earlier than he was in the habit of doing, merely to give me a lecture. I never gave him a farthing; he never asked me for it: liberality like this deserves to be recorded, does it not? I have recorded him; he occasionally took more wine than agreed

with him—we all do that sometimes—I don't call myself exempt. Well, across the grass to reach his rooms he must have gone; I made up a good story; I told how abominably drunk he used to get, how he rolled on the grass; I sent him rolling glorious, ha! ha! ha! Johnny Broom's bill too I put in—all the notice I ever took of it; and the poor Miss G.'s, they say their brother means to horsewhip me if ever he catches hold of me; I shall take good care he does not, and"—"Hold! hold! Mr. W., you have overacted your part now; you could not—you dared not have done this. Why, Sir! had you written a tenth part of what you say you have, the hisses and execrations of all honourable men had been showered on your head; your very name had been a by-word; invention would have been strained to fix on an adequate epithet for you: the basest, the most hideous notions of guilt, malice, and depravity, had been concentrated in one short word, WRETCH! WRETCH! How like

you the term? Wretch you would have been called—every dirty vagabond that crossed your path, proud in conscious superiority, had muttered wretch W—. Could you have borne it patiently? You must have done so; what redress would there have been for you? A court of justice; think you justice would have protected the malignant libeller? think you the counsel could have pleaded well so vile a cause? think you the jury would have listened to it? No! they had driven you back with shame and dishonour to your hiding place; a VERDICT FOR THE DEFENDANTS had sealed your infamy. No! no! my dear Sir, you would not so meanly have repaid services so pure. Come, come, you blush, you are confused, you have been playing on me—I see you have. Give me the book—a Trinity man can never be ashamed to read what a Trinity man has written." (The scene changes; the author is seen at his desk; he has just folded his letter up, and is writing

on the ends.) This will give you but a very faint idea of the candour and simplicity, rare virtues, of our penmen. Nothing but pretension goes down in the world now; where, therefore, there is no pretension, there can be no publicity. This is the secret of our obscurity. Would but the world once determine to reform its taste, and accept silent merit in lieu of sounding pretension—"how you harp on the word pretension—nothing but pretension." I said so—would the world act thus, then would our genius be developed; then would the bright star of Alma Mater—"Oh! no gaudy tinsel finery, if you love me,"—to think of stopping a man in so magnificent a sentence! I won't say one word more.—Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——,

"So many young hearts and young heads! this must be a fine soil for sentiment; how thrives it with you?"—It thrives, my dear fellow, no where more happily, nor puts forth its blossoms with greater luxuriancy. So far sentiment has been a plant: now, for variety's sake, I shall make it something else, and say of it, sometimes it stalks forth enshrouded in the gloomy mantle of prose; at others it trips along in the gay and engaging attire of poesy; not a week passes but it is chronicled in the Chronicle, or

gazetted in the Gazette, occasionally preceded by a flourish of trumpets, and three lines of Anacreon from the original, with—

Dear friends of my bosom, blest spirits around me,
In the temple of friendship once more we have met.

Now slily deprecating censure with the sham title of a Moorish melody, and telling strange things of the "eye of love:"—by the way, if I am not very much mistaken in my man, this same commentator on the eye of love is a very pretty poet, and owns a very proud name,—whether he be immediately connected with the great literary possessor of it, is more than I can tell;—his Moorish melodies, (I hope he will forgive the pun,) are very *Moorish* indeed:—sometimes it assumes a most melancholy aspect, and weeps salt tears over early promise nipped in the bud, as it appears to have done in a short poem I shall insert for your amusement, with a comment or two of my own:—

ON CONSUMPTION.

1.

I thought the bloom that flush'd thy cheek
Was too inconstant there;
I feared that heart must sooner break, (*breek*, me-
For being so guiltless here. tri causa.)

2.

I feared that pure eye owned a light
Of other worlds than this;
I feared the gaze was far too bright
For all but paradise. (*paradis*, ditto.)

3.

I saw thee fade away—but still
My heart could not believe
So soon the grave's sad earthy chill
That fair form must receive.

4.

I could not think so soon that eye,
Which shone with truth and feeling,
Must dimly burn, whose guest should be (*by*, ditto.)
The worm around it stealing.

5.

But thou wert sure too dazzling fair
In this bleak world to dwell;
Yet still must nature drop the tear, (more Hiber-
Thou lovely being, farewell! nico, *tare.*)

Feb. 26. A JOHNNIAN.

We learn from the very first line, almost the first word, an important fact by no means to be esteemed lightly of in this unthinking age. The writer says, "I thought"—

I thought the bloom that flush'd thy cheek
Was too inconstant there.

It is a pity he thought so, because the bloom of which he speaks is a constant and not inconstant attendant on that dreadful disorder. But he is a man of enterprise and does think, so much may be forgiven him.—Ah! see how that single exertion has overpowered him;—he has grown timid and apprehensive, and does

nothing but shake and tremble through the next stanza and a half,—

I feared that heart, &c. &c.
I feared that pure eye, &c. &c.
I feared the gaze.

Three times "I feared!" Now he ventures to raise his eyes from the ground:—

I saw thee fade away—but still
My heart could not believe.

You see he will not believe the evidence of his senses! what pains he takes to think, and cannot:—

I could not think so soon that eye,
Which shone with truth and feeling,
Must dimly burn, whose guest should be
The worm around it stealing.

Of course, if he did think, he could not think that; because two stanzas higher, he tells how,—

That pure eye owned a light
Of other worlds but this.

But thou wert sure too dazzling fair
In this bleak world to dwell.

He has found out the cause at last; the lady's beauty was too dazzling to exist in a bleak world. Had the writer condescended to have used delicate instead of dazzling, one might have understood him better; but the epithet is no doubt accurate, and proceeds from an exquisite conception of the latent reference of intense cold to brilliant colour.—

Yet still must nature drop the tear—

Very natural this: "the tear," a dash—what an expressive mark (—) is! it utters things unutterable. Were I to write a book, I would have a most profuse consumption of these dashes: they are unpleasant symbols to have to do with though. It is true the author always inserts them at a harmless distance from his sentences; but who knows but the critic may establish a nearer connexion.

"Thou, lovely being, farewell!"

So say I, farewell, too! most lachrymose songster; and I never pronounced that word with more cordiality in my life.

What think you of the sonnet? the poet's wit and the critic's acumen are on a par, eh? Yet have I read verses lacking more wit than this doleful minstrel's, notwithstanding. I took them partly because they came first to hand, partly because I saw the mark of the tusk on them. I wonder who the author is. It is said the "thrice illustrious" is smitten with the muses; perhaps they are his. St. John's is not undistinguished in the annals of metre; as much correct poetry, that is to say, verses true to rhythm, and false to sense, have issued from it as from any two Colleges one can name. If you wish a ready and extensive circulation to your thoughts, the best plan you can pursue is to send them to the Cambridge Chronicle, — there they are certain to be inserted, be

their warmth and spirit what it may, from fever heat down to zero; but, except they be most particularly attractive, be cautious never to transmit them to a London paper; the London people are the most fastidious, precise, disagreeable, tasteless gentry, conceivable. Why I once sent some of my stanzas—you know how well I can build the lofty verse"—to the Morning Chronicle and Literary Gazette; and would you believe it possible? the Morning Chronicle took not the slightest notice of the communication; it had the Cambridge post-mark on too, which ought to have taught them better; and the Literary Gazette,—just fancy the Literary Gazette, that admits a dozen hymns a week,—actually told me in the notices to correspondents that mine were inadmissible. I have never taken in the paper since, and make a point of abusing it wherever I go;—so unhandsome! I have a great mind to give them to you—I will—I'll be hanged if I don't.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

(*Nothing can be more sentimental.*)

1.

Think not of me when these poor hours,
So fondly lov'd, so cherish'd fled,
Are but as dreams that once were ours
And fancy image what it dread.

2.

Think not of me when thou art gay,
And strangers' eyes in fond delight
Deem that such smiles ne'er pass away,
That speaking eye is ever bright.

3.

Think not—Oh![1] rather think of me
Should worse than fortune prove unkind,
Should those thou lov'st be false to thee,
Think yet one friend is left behind.

[1] What a beautiful break "think not—Oh!" is—it stamps the poem. I do not at all wonder the author should feel sore (and he does feel very sore, evidently, in spite of all the pains he takes to hide it) on being refused admittance to the Gazette, while so many Marias, and Carolines, and Emmas, and Osmonds, and Orlandos, and Augustus's, were sauntering down its columns.—EDITOR.

I am of opinion that these lines are particularly good. They were composed in an excessively sentimental part of the country, on an exceeding sentimental occasion; and yet—they were rejected!—in so saucy a way too! I have no patience with these fellows, they do not know what good poetry is. Not that I care any thing about it at all, it is a perfect matter of indifference to me. I have considerable poetical talent; that I say nothing about; but to offer so gross an insult to the Muses in my person,—a degree of courtesy due to the sex should have at least saved that. I am rather glad they did reject them, quite happy indeed—there's the dinner bell.—Adieu!

LETTER XVII.

Cambridge

DEAR ——

As an additional proof that they who live in a place often know the least of what is going on in it and about it, I will enclose you an article which I read this morning in the London Chronicle, edited—no not the paper edited, but the article, written by Doctor Fudge, I believe, who does the astonishing. He is occasional preacher in the floating chapel, and author of Lord Venables' tour to Oxford. I knew we were not in the most flourishing state, but had not the least idea we were so badly off as it appears we are.

Extracted from Morning Chronicle.

"Yesterday the vicinity of the House of Commons presented a scene of alarm and confusion, such as scarcely is to be recollected by the oldest inhabitant. From an early period of the day all the avenues to it were blocked up by a dense crowd of half-naked, half-famished, miserable looking human beings; a picture from which the eye of delicacy could not but turn in horror and disgust. Some wore a singular description of loose dress of grotesque make and most ancient texture; this they wrapped closely round their shivering forms; but notwithstanding all the care they took to hide them, visions met the eye fit even to paralyze the energies of the patent steam-washers themselves. Others stood disconsolate, their eyes fixed on the ground, betraying only in their haggard looks a sense of the wretchedness that consumed them. One whom disease and poverty had reduced to five-and-twenty stone, folded his arms behind his back, and seemed in his musings to be carried away to scenes far distant—"Any body bid more?

nobody bid more?—knock it down!"—and he stamped his withered foot. Others there were sinking to the earth with exhaustion and fatigue; whose long, lean, bony fingers reminded one only of the birds that prey on man, the eagle and the vulture. Here and there might be discovered a female form; a bunch of rusty keys hanging at her side, and some implement of household service, that had long lost its beloved uses, held in her hand. Some were seen endeavouring to mount the railings; some seated in conscious exultation across the lamp-posts. What could the occasion be which had drawn so many together? and from places evidently so distant. It was this:—on that eventful night several petitions were to be presented to Parliament from the capital of Cambridgeshire; the seat, it may be recollected by our learned readers, of an ancient and decayed collegiate foundation. The first was from the tutors in that University, setting forth the privations under which they were labouring, and praying early consideration to their distressed and impoverished condition.

It appeared that they were a corporate body, holding a charter from some one of the early kings of Britain—the third dynasty, we believe, antecedent to the preaching of Christianity,—to teach the polite languages,—not French, Italian, German, Spanish, &c. &c.—they were not spoken then,—but Greek and Latin, and the occult sciences besides. It appeared further that no adequate remuneration was made to them for their services; supposing each had on an average one hundred pupils, at the rate of ten pounds per annum a man, only one thousand pounds resulted—a miserable pittance,—scarcely sufficient to maintain in health the meanest artisan. They acknowledged this was not all; indeed had it been so, they never could have had life enough left in them to crawl to the bar of that honourable House. Credit to an unlimited extent was given to any student who wished it, by any tradesman who chose; and these bills were always received by them without enquiry. They allowed they made it a rule to send in their own accounts every quarter, and expected immediate

payment; while they did not conceive it necessary to give payment to the trade before a twelvemonth and more had expired. This they said they would not have done, could they have supported themselves in decency without it; and even in that case, a student's quarterly bill never exceeded on the average 40*l.* or 160*l.* per annum, which gave from 100 students, and that was the outside, at 4 per cent, no more than 6400*l.*, making a total return of 10400*l.*; out of which they had to find themselves in tea and sugar and wearing apparel. Under hardships so severe, they humbly solicited the attention of that honorable House. This petition was presented by Lord P——n. (We remarked his Lordship wore a blue coat rather the worse for wear; he thought necessary to apologise for the circumstance, said it was his working dress, he had just that moment come from the iron mines, whither he had been with the committee, and this accounted for his rusty appearance.) He most warmly supported the prayer of the petitioners: the state in which they were described to be was

by no means exaggerated; he had been a witness to it; indeed so dreadful was their distress, that he never went to Cambridge when he could help it, as he was sure, if ever he did go, to be surrounded by a host of importunate supplicants, who would let him rest neither night nor day. His Lordship concluded with moving that the petition be laid on the table.

Mr. Bi—ne, (in his full scarlet robes, as Chancellor of the London University,) took a brief and lucid view of the case; and in a short speech, which did not occupy more than seven hours and a half in delivery, distinctly refuted the statements of the petitioners, and clearly made out to the satisfaction of the House that they, so far from being underpaid, were overpaid; and expressed at the same time his unqualified indignation at the presumption of the petitioners in coming before the House at all. The petition was rejected. On the tumult which this decision excited in the lobbies subsiding,

Mr. H—e rose, and moved for a return of all

the tutors' bills from the time of Alfred the Great, with the items distinctly given.—Ordered.

The second petition presented was from the tailors, haberdashers, milliners, fruiterers, &c. &c. of the town of Cambridge, praying attention to their distressed state. The tailors said they made a point of using the worst cloth they could get, and charging the highest prices, and yet they could not live. The haberdashers said they never kept any thing in their shops which a London trader would give house-room, and yet they were starving. The milliners said they had all the refuse express from town, yet they must go into the Gazette. The fruiterers said their fruit always came from the market-stalls, and their prices from Grange's, yet they must shut up shop; and they all concluded by expressing their perfect trust in the justice and liberality of that honourable House. This petition was most numerously and respectably signed; the several names one would have expected to have seen attached to it, were not there. D—s, B—hs, B—ges, T—ns, C—sps, and others, who, on being

asked to sign it, declared they made fair charges, gave fair credit, and could live very well. What faith could be put in men who could deliberately utter a falsehood like this? It is but justice to add their conduct was generally reprobated.

This petition was presented by Col. T——, original projector of some very beautiful, and, in a commercial point of view, important improvements in the capital.

It was ordered to be laid on the table.

An odd interruption occurred while the clerk was reading the petitions; when he came to the fruiterers' complaint, an honourable member started up, and declared that clause should not be received, he'd be d——d if it should! The House was thunderstruck—the Speaker assured the hon. gentleman that was not the proper time to address the House on the subject. The expression he had allowed to fall from him was exceedingly improper,—no one ever swore in that House, except leaders of opposition, ministers of state, and privy counsellors; and then it was only for the good of

the community. The honourable gentleman was a young member, and therefore might possibly be unacquainted with the rules of the House; he (the Speaker) hoped he (the honourable gentleman) would not be guilty again of so indecent an interruption.

The honourable gentleman, (in great agitation,) Sir! Sir! Mr. Speaker, I repeat it, I'll be d—d if these rascally druggers shall be received here! (order, order.) When I was vice-chancellor of Cambridge, (hear, hear,) I made a Latin speech about them; I will give an extract to the house, (unequivocal symptoms of impatience,) *Quo usque tandem Abuteri*—here the uproar became so great, it was impossible to catch another word; at last the honourable gentleman resumed his seat, and silence was restored. The name of the member we could not catch; he holds some office we believe in the Exchequer, and represents the rural and picturesque village of Northaw.

A third petition from the college cooks, butlers, and grocers, followed, demanding similar relief.

They all declared that they made it a rule never to give any explanations of their charges, and put down at random items to those they thought most likely to pay them. They declared in spite of all this, life was a burden to them.

Petition laid on the table.

Fourthly, and lastly, came a petition from the gyps and bed-makers. The gyps said they took every thing they could lay their hands on without risk of discovery; and the bed-makers said they did not care whether they were discovered or not, and yet they were perishing for want.

Laid on the table.

What with the reading of these petitions, which were very lengthy, and the discussions which followed them, the whole time of the House was taken up. It adjourned at half-past two.

But the members were not permitted to retire so quietly as they came. It is true, a large portion of the crowd withdrew on hearing that their petitions had been received; but numbers still remained, consisting of the tutors, their friends and depend-

ants, exasperated at the rejection of their claims, and some, too, fired with the recollection of old grievances. Many members were permitted to pass in quiet to their carriages; a few contrived to slip away unperceived: B——m borrowed a Bath Witney, and got safe through the midst of them. He was taken for a cabriolet driver; had he been recognised, he would most certainly have been torn to pieces; as it was, cries of 'down with B——m' & 'death to H——e' Turncoat B——m,' (that noble Lord not having been considered to have exerted himself sufficiently,) stimulated his activity. J. C. H——se received a severe blow from the last series of Hulsean lectures; besides which, he lost his new stuff umbrella. The Earl of St. Jermyn's carriage had a pannel broken in by "who wrote εικων βασιλικη?" supposed to have been discharged from an air-gun; all the glass was demolished too. Mr. B—kes suffered a severe contusion from a number of the Oriental Herald; how it came there, or who sent it, no one could tell: the blow unluckily was given in a most delicate part, and it

is said, we do not know with what accuracy, the honourable gentleman will never entirely recover from it. Mr. W——s kindly volunteered his protection to Lord P——n; and as no one chose to meddle with him, they were permitted to reach the nearest coach-stand unmolested, where they called No. 125, and were set down in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the town residence of the honourable member for S——y. How Joseph H——e got off, no one could tell: it is supposed he was smuggled away by a resurrection man, as a cart and horse in that vocation were seen driving off from one of the outlets with something in a sack. About three o'clock, it being reported a detachment from the Horse-guards was approaching, the crowd separated, and went off in different parties, some to break Lord L——t's windows, some to give Lord E—n three huzzas. Our paper went to press just as the No Popery Cry died away down Chancery Lane."

Here terminates Dr. Fudge's voluminous account; I have not made enquiries, but I

think it cannot be true. The tutors make no complaints; the tailors, haberdashers, milliners, and fruiterers, make none that I ever heard of; the college cooks, butlers, and grocers, are the happiest people alive; and the gyps[1] and bed-makers are quite comfortable. Is it likely they should have been in so desperate a state? or if so, should have posted up to London to petition Parliament? The story must have been invented. Oh! Dr. Fudge!—Dr. Fudge!—much I fear you are a very wicked man, and a very naughty writer; the Morning Chronicle takes in your articles, but we all know the Morning Chronicle, Fudge, stickles no more at telling a lie, than it does at badgering a parson. You are a member of the tract-distributing society, Fudge! you

[1] A scandalous fabrication of Fudge's!—I know the man well; he preaches at the Foundling occasionally. What other gyps are, I do not know; mine is the honestest fellow in the world—Thomas Robson, Trinity Lane.—Editor.

attend the bible meetings,—Fudge, you have been a missionary—Fudge!—Oh! Fudge! Fudge! my heart sickens at your atrocities. I can no more.—Adieu!

LETTER XVIII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

I HATE to be serious.—"But you must be serious sometimes."—I do not see that: I would never be serious if I could help it. Ah! what! is this fairness of elections? I will show I can be serious now, and prove to those who doubt me, that, much as I am inclined to amuse myself, and perhaps you, at the expense of the little weaknesses of our commonwealth, no one sets a higher value on its real and substantial excellencies. At the sister University, interest it is said can command a fellowship, though it is incapable of securing an honorary degree: here,

rank seizes on its unmerited distinctions; but worth alone secures its hard-earned emoluments. Purity of election to the bought voter who vainly catches at it—a shadowy form—stands here to be seen and felt in its just and true proportions. Is a fellowship vacant, its allotment depends on a severe examination: any person of the degree of bachelor of arts, provided he be also a scholar, may become a candidate for it. Whatever he may have done previous, whether he may have been senior wrangler, or junior, junior opt.; whether first in the first class, or last in the third, his chance depends on no prior success—is affected by no prior failure: as he acquits himself on that trial will he stand or fall.[1]

[1] This description applies to Trinity; and Trinity, I believe, alone. At St. Johns, and one or two other colleges, there is an examination, it is true, and a stiff one; but regard is paid to the distinctions previously obtained by candidates: this I rather like myself best.

This is noble, is it not? it makes the spot hallowed ground: it draws as it were round it a charmed circle, within which satire dare not venture, where raillery feels its weapon blunted, and ridicule must drop its jocund mask. I, bold, saucy scribbler as I am, stand trembling at its verge, scarcely knowing which way to look, the dams in which I trusted, broken at my feet! What! is there no opening for me? no traces of that spirit to be found, which agitates all the

It is hard a man should derive no positive advantages from his three years' study. At Cains, and others, the fellowship depends solely on what is done in the Senate-house. This is generally a fair criterion; but it is not always so: weakness, ill health, constitutional timidity, may in some cases unnerve a man, and make him incapable of bringing a tenth of his real knowledge into play. I do not say it often happens; I believe it is often said to happen where it does not; but, I think, were it of ever so rare occurrence, a contingent provision should be made for it.—Editor.

world besides, and yet, it would seem, is subdued and tranquil here! None—every College throws open her gates to me, bids me come and try her: well, holds out, with a smile of malicious triumph, her list of names, points to the honours they acquired, the trials they underwent, the rewards she awarded them: they all mock me; they all defy me. I am out of patience; I shall burst with vexation. You there, to whom do you give your Purse? Answer me that. "Not to degraded, paltry, second-class men; not to these at least." Degraded men! you barefaced, impudent thing! you have not got a man among your number that is not degraded.—"Ay; but they degrade to better purpose." Is not this abominable? I want to find fault, and I cannot find any.—"Perhaps you do not look in the right place. A——n found a great deal." Ah! but he was a senior wrangler, and played the fiddle: that makes a great difference. He got married, and then got, as a thing of course, into the New

Monthly. He did not turn the fault he found to any great account, after all. I should be devilish sorry to hunt in couples with him.[1] Well, I may just as well give over: here have I been searching in every hole and corner for the last hour, and not an atom of fault can I find. I wish to goodness they would not be so particular; they ought to leave a little about, were it only for amusement's sake. (A smart tap is heard—author drops his pen—slips off his shoes—goes to the door—reconnoitres—returns precipitately—gets into the opposite cupboard—enter man in apron, with bill—looks round—coughs—steals tiptoe into sleeping room—peeps

[1] First, came the "struggles of a senior wrangler;" then, when he was at his last gasp, "Alma Mater" came to the rescue in decent dimity; and just as she is laid out, and on the point of being conveyed to her mother earth, three sad dogs, author, editor, and Doctor Fudge, disturb her obsequies:—all Cambridge will cry shame on it.—EDITOR.

under the bed—hems—haws—exit.) (Author steps cautiously out of the closet—creeps to the door—shuts it—seats himself at desk—nibs his pen—no, he does not know how—dips it in the ink, &c. &c.) I wanted a subject, my dear boy. I have one now. Just as I was in an attitude of deep musing, all solitary, my door unsported—it shall never be so again—because I thought no one would think of coming—a dun—ah! indeed! a dun passed unchallenged through my outworks, penetrated to my chamber, and but for an admirable contrivance of mine, had made me prisoner. I escaped; but I tremble even now to think of the risk I ran. Other climes are cursed with this hateful and malignant creature, more dangerous than the rattlesnake, more treacherous than the viper:—but I am getting fudgical. Have you read Cooper the American's spirited tales? If you have, you will recollect the dexterous, subtle, active, ingenious, unsparing, vindictive being, he describes

the wild Indian to be: you almost shudder as you read of him? you would quite shudder were you to see, as you might see here, his perfect counterpart in a Cambridge don.

The same dexterity, the same subtlety, the same active, crafty, malicious, persecuting spirit characterises both. I speak very feelingly; I do indeed. Debts and duns—happy alliteration! have been my familiar friends from my youth upwards. Experience teaches, you know, as the proverb goes, and on that experience I tell you, if ever a decided bet is made on you, you had better give in at once, or come to a compromise: chance of escape there's none. Confine yourself within doors as close as you will, determine within your own mind never to present yourself to the face of day, except at hall-time; and at that very precise moment you will find your devoted and attached friend waiting for you at the bottom of the staircase, or at the doors of the butteries; or come at

once to this resolve; to keep no terms with fresh air, and cut the sun. You must dine; you must have your dinner from the kitchen; you are not permitted to go elsewhere. Now, mark my words: door ajar, enter cook's boy, *sequitur* dun: this will be the order of events. Count the stars as you will, you cannot change it. Perhaps you will like this better—dinner ordered at three—wants two minutes of two to the window—a file of dishes is seen advancing from the further gate—a tall, thin, elderly man in coat black, and hat ditto by courtesy, enters by nearer, admission or starvation—no alternative. Why, were you to have provisions supplied you by a basket, let down for the purpose, the indefatigable assailant would smuggle himself into it. My contrivance is a cupboard; but then your cupboard may be too small, or too low, and may have fifty inconveniences. One more expedient, which never fails; which makes your nights tranquil, and your slumbers easy,

which never in moments of depression (and moments of depression will come, unbidden though) adds new bitterness to your reflections: be honourable, in the true and best sense of the word—"owe no man any thing." You may suffer occasional privations, but you will experience more lasting pleasure. This from one who has tried the two conditions, and, but for his weakness, would have held to the best.—Adieu!

LETTER XIX.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

I HAD composed a most beautiful exordium to the subject I had intended to discuss, which was the convivialities of the place; in which I meant to have described, with an admirable minuteness, our breakfast parties, wine parties, tea parties, supper parties, &c. heightening them with that exquisite colouring of which I am so perfect a master; and occasionally, where circumstances permitted, introducing conversations: not that I am in the habit of taking down what I hear in short-hand writing; do not suspect me of such a

trick; but merely intending to give what might have been said, without troubling myself to ascertain whether it really was said or not. Thus far had I written, eating and drinking the while, when my door was violently assailed. "Who's there?"—"Me."—"Who's me?"—"Mr. me Rodney of St. Johns." (Enter Rodney.)—"Have you heard?"—"Heard what?"—"The row—the row."—"What row? Do you mean? I have heard no row."—"Oh! the whole town is in a ferment about Fudge."—"Fudge! which Fudge? not floating chapel Fudge?—not tract-distributing Fudge?—not missionary Fudge?—not Bible Fudge?—Which Fudge?—in mercy speak."—"The same."—"What deed of horror done?"—"You know the Morning Chronicle?"—"I have heard tell of it."—"Well, in that very print, of late, appeared a deep, malignant slander"—"Go on"—"involving tutors, tailors, hosiers, haberdashers, milliners, fruiterers, books, grocers,

butlers, bed-makers, and gyps, in one common peculation."—"You don't say so?"—"I do."—"Proceed."—"It has been traced to Fudge."—"Ah!"—"Yes, and tutors, tailors, hosiers, haberdashers, milliners, fruiterers, cooks, butlers, grocers, bed-makers, and gyps, have made one common purse, and one and all will prosecute this Fudge before the King's Bench Court for defamation."—"Who leads them on?"—"Starkie and Tyndal, and the Sergeant Rough."—"Who fights for Fudge?"—"He of the Bailey Old Phillips, christened Charles." (Exit Rodney.) "Pray get off these stilts! I can't bear to see you walking on them; they will let you down with a plaguey thump some day, I am sure they will."—"S'death! confusion! was not I Millman? and now you drag me down to Southey; in other words, to plain prose: but be that as it may, Fudge you see is found out, and is to be prosecuted. I thought that article in the Chro-

nicle would not be allowed to pass unnoticed, though, after all, there was nothing very atrocious in it; it imparted poverty, and poverty is no crime. I am told Fudge tried to outswear his hand-writing; but this would not do; the printer's devil of the Chronicle swore distinctly to it; and had he hesitated, there were a score of evidences from the other newspaper offices who all knew it perfectly well, Fudge having been, from time to time, a contributor to nearly all of them; indeed the greater part of the articles of general information that have appeared in the Old Times, New Times, Sunday Times, &c. &c. have had the name of Fudge written or understood beneath them. It is currently reported, besides, that he does the notices to correspondents in a certain exemplary Sunday print, vice T——e H——e resigned. The hand-writing of so universal a genius must be well known. I wonder he was mad enough to deny; why not acknow-

lodge and justify? The trial comes on in about three weeks. I must confess I feel a little timidity in going on with my account to you. Suppose this letter was to get into somebody's hands who wished to make mischief, and he were to print it; perhaps, with my real sham conversations in it; who knows but I might stand in the same predicament with Fudge? That is no joke:—never mind, here goes:—eating and drinking tho particular gross things, and by no means to be named or thought of in company with the delicate sensibilities of the human frame, are, after all, vile, odious words as they seem, the real and substantial material—gilded and lacquered over I allow, and sometimes hung with flowers, and sometimes sustained by the hands of beauty—of the links which bind man to his fellow man.—"This is the exordium, is it?"—Yes, is it not fine?—"Beautiful! but go on."—Well, Oh! in London, dinners and routs are the

deeds on which the social compact is engrossed: in Cambridge, we view things with a nicer eye, and keep a few separate covenants, in the shape of wine, breakfast, and supper parties:—which comes first?—"Breakfast, I should think."—Very well, I will begin with the breakfast. This meal consists of eggs, ham, beef-steaks, fowls, tongues, pies of all kinds, champagne, porter, ale, tea, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, snuff.—"Tobacco, snuff, what do you mean?"—What! don't you smoke?—Oh! you stupid fellow! the banquet generally commences about ten, and terminates at one. Sunday is the favourite morning, no person presuming to read on Sunday, it is so profane.—(Time, half-past ten—place, P—— College—rooms, attic floor—party assembled, Messrs. Johnson, Thompson, Hodson, Liggins, Wiggins, Spriggins, Ladds, Dadds, Pott,)—(Enter Tomkins.)—"Ah! Tomkins, how do you do?"—"Pretty bobbish"

[1] I have examined carefully Bishop Blomfield's

glossary, but cannot find any thing calculated to throw light on this remarkable expression.—Editor.

Johnson says, "abounding in seed;" — Grose, "going to seed." — Blomfield contents himself with this reference, "Vide Chester." The curious reader will find the expression clearly illustrated in Butler's amusing work on Analogies.

—"Out of tune, is not he?"—"Yes; they are all out of tune now, and out of pocket besides; the expenses have outrun the receipts about one third."—"I am glad of it."—"So am I; leave the conduct of musical affairs to musical men. Mr. Gifford might just as efficiently preside in an ecclesiastical court, as Mr. C—n at a concert."

(Dadds to Pott.) "Were you in the schools yesterday?"—"Yes."—"M——y kept a good act, did he not?"—"Very good indeed."—"He is certain to be senior, I suppose?"—"I do not know that; he will most likely be very near it. You know when the C—s men lay out for a senior, they are never much more than fourteen off the mark."—"What a number of wranglers that College has."—"That is owing to their improved mode of gardening. They keep all their roots a year longer under ground than the rest do; and so, at the expiration of that time, you see fine healthy plants springing up

in every direction."—(Johnson to Thompson.) "Do you consider a senior wrangler necessarily a man of talent?"—"I beg your pardon, I was feeling the tongue."—"I say, do you consider a senior wrangler a man of talent necessarily?"—"No, certainly not, not necessarily so; he may be a mere drudge. He sometimes is so."—"Well! but your hard reading men are generally recluses also; scarcely any one knows any thing of them before the Tripos;—how are we to distinguish between the man of talent and the drudge?"—"Thus: look at them after they leave the Senate-house; see which sits down on his fellowship, crosses his legs, and sleeps under his laurels—that is the drudge. See which pursues his way with ardour, points out new methods, illustrates new theories, puts science on a new footing, is heard of in foreign countries, is recognised by foreign academies, is appealed to by the learned, is admired by the unlearned—that is the genius."

—(Hodson to Tomkins.) "Were you at the Union reading-room last night?"—"Yes."—"Then I suppose you saw the comment in the leading article of the Chronicle about Fudge?"—"No, I did not." (Johnson, Thompson, Tomkins, Liggins, Wiggins, Spriggins, Ladds, Dadds, Pott.)—"What! that about Fudge? Ah! let's hear!"—"I'll fetch the paper I have at my rooms. I abstracted it from the room on purpose."—"Do! do! do! do! do! do! do! do! do!—done."—Adieu!

LETTER XX.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——,

If you expect from me conversations of all grades, you will be disappointed; I never knew what to be *varment* meant in my life. I always mistook it for being vulgar; and as to sporting men and sporting subjects, you could not have hit on any person less capable of giving you the desired information. I do know, certainly, one or two pleasant fellows of that stamp; but then one cannot go to them and say,—I am writing letters, I am giving an idea of Cambridge conversations; let me a little into your arcana, if you please; give me a few hard words, which

I shall without the least doubt apply in the wrong places,—I could not do that; and so, with this apology, I quit you for the present. (A wine party. Time, four o'clock. Place, T——College. Guests, eight. Wines, port and white. Fruits, apples, grapes, oranges, French plums, almonds and raisins, filberts, preserves, a spunge-cake, and cherry-brandy.)—"What! I thought you said you went off with an apology, and here you are come back again!"—I beg your pardon; I forgot to tell you our wine parties are conducted in dumb show till the dessert disappears; then conversation opens in great brilliancy. It is a pity you should be kept waiting all this time. I will give you a hint or two,—make a point, wherever you are, of attacking the grapes first, next the almonds and raisins, next, if you will, the cake, oranges, or French plums; leave the apples to the last; and if you are wise, never touch the cherry-brandy at all: of all liqueurs that salute the lips of man or woman, it is the

most seductive and deadly. Shun it as you would—how horrid prosy I am getting. I never will write after dinner again, I am determined. I have actually fallen asleep over my own periods.

(Time, five; place as before; party as before; wine, not as before; grapes, almonds, and raisins, &c. &c. &c. extinct.) (Nelson to Jenkins.) "Were you at F——'s lectures?" —"Yes."—"How absurd, was it not?"—(All.) "What's that? what was absurd?"—"Why you must know, Gentlemen, F—— was explaining a long proof in Mechanics; light gradually broke in on us; three minutes more would have cleared it up; but—the clock struck—'we will go on with this subject to-morrow at the same hour,'—and he closed his book." (All.) "Without finishing the proof?" —"Exactly so; to-morrow not one of us will recollect what the proposition was about, so we shall have to go over it again; and if the clock

be so evil-minded as to repeat its stroke, we may be about it till doom's day."—(Phillpot.) "The lectures are all nonsense; I would much rather pay an increased allowance not to be obliged to hear them, than what I do, and go."—(Peters.) "Not a bad joke about the Johnian new buildings?" (All silent.) "Oh! you don't like it; you think it coarse; well, it may be coarse, but it is very good for all that." (A dead silence.) (Mossop to Glossop.) "Have you attended H—th's lectures?" "Yes." "Are they good?" "The driest imaginable; no fault of his though, the subject is so spun out. He lectured three days on 'and he descended,' and expatiated most forcibly on the beauty and applicability of the copulative and." "Are the men attentive?" "Oh! very; some to Colburn's last novel; some to Euclid; some to the little-go subjects; and some have fallen asleep.'"—"Does the Professor take notice?"—"None. He behaves

with the utmost good-nature, except a concerto of cap-strings is got up; then he is a little crusty, and not without reason. He, poor man, is forced to lecture on the creed, and they are forced to hear his lecture: there is no free-will in the case. Under these circumstances, both parties should consult for their mutual convenience."

(Hall to Paul.) "Are you a Smythman?"—"Pray, did you ever notice Kings chapel? Think it rather a pretty building, eh?"—"What a ridiculous question! No person, I should imagine, with any taste at all, and the use of his eyes, could be a term in Cambridge and not observe Kings chapel."—"Just so, my dear Sir; and no person, I should imagine, with any taste at all, and the use of his ears, could be a single day in Cambridge, if it were lecture-day, and lose Smyth."—"He has written poetry, has he not?"—"Verse you mean; but we will say nothing of that. Put the armour of Edward

the Black Prince on an ordinary man, he is not the more a hero; clothe ordinary thoughts in harmonious language, and part them off in regular lines, they are not the more poetry. Poetry belongs to the mind, not to the eye. Many a writer can match his rhymes as neatly as Byron; but can he infuse into them the same measure of life, spirit, and energy—the same accuracy of conception—the same originality of thought? If he can, he stands to him foot to foot; if he cannot, he is nothing."—"But is not a great deal of that which passes for poetry now, poetry of the eye merely?"—"It is; but you need not go to books to distinguish which is which; attend Smyth's lectures, they are the poetry of the mind; read his verses, they are the poetry of the eye."—"What think you of Sedgwick?"—"I never heard him—I have heard of him a great deal; he is said to be the wittiest man in Trinity, which is saying much for any man: every one says his lectures are very amusing;

and as geology is a very dry subject, he must have considerable talent to make them so."—"Farish?"—"Oh! don't speak of him, pray. My whole undergraduateship not once did I think of that man, and now I must quit Cambridge without the chance of atonement; it is indeed a heavy sin. Think of some penance for me, will you, proportioned to the enormity?"—"Penance—some penance—(musing)—oh! I have it: go one day before you make your exit, and hear G—— lecture on civil law, that will be penance enough, be your offence what it may." (Paul to Phillpot.) "Was not Y—s very well received here?"—"Yes, very well received indeed. I wish he would come again: he is more humorous to my mind than M—s."—"Would the Vice-Chancellor give him leave to perform?"—"To be sure he would: he'd give any body leave that took the trouble to ask him: he is very easy, accessible, and good-tempered. He misconceives the character he

has to play, perhaps; for he plays it widely different from those who have preceded him. To be sullen, haughty, morose, reserved, distant, and disagreeable,[1] he does not take to be the true reading, so has expunged these virtues from the prompter's book; and, as novelty is very desirable, I have no doubt he will be honoured with the approbation of his auditors." (Enter Tomkins.) "P——k is come, four horses—ribbons." (All.) "Four horses!—ribbons!—what do you mean?"—"Oh! Fudge—the trial—first day over—we are sure to have it. They took the horses off at the entrance of the town, and drew him in in triumph." (All.) "No! you don't say so?"—"O yes—fine sight. P——k

[1] This compliment to one man at the expense of many, is not in very good taste, Mr. Letterwriter. It would be more polite, I think, and might take better, if you were to confine yourself to a positive specification of merit, without casting a retrospect, possibly inaccurate.—EDITOR.

had a great orange and white favour on his breast, and his gyp sat at the top of the chaise waving two magnificent flags: one had, "Butteries for ever!—P——k and freedom!" worked in letters of gold on a deep red ground: the other—"No Fudge!" worked in blue on a white ground." (Shouts are heard.) "Ah! (All.) Listen! Down with Fudge!" (All rush out.) "Adieu!

LETTER XXI.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——,

TEA, or bitch parties, are the sober recreations of studious men: they engross necessarily no great space of time; they take the mind clear, easy, and unembarrassed, and, which is a great recommendation, they leave it so. Of all convivialities in which I have moved here, my most pleasing associations are connected with these. For two years—two short years I found them—I enjoyed the *entrée* to the house of one who, should his eye ever, by any singular chance, catch this sheet, will recognise, perhaps, the shy,

silent, reserved, but, not as some would have it, haughty youth, who usurped the warmest place at his warm hearth; listened with interest to his thrilling tales; treasured up his lively sketches; to form, as his kind host would sometimes say, a fund, wherewithal to be himself amusing, when white hairs should silver over his forehead. It has taken me a good half hour to coin that last sentence, just because I would be fine, and talk of white hairs and silver. Why not have said — "entertaining old gentleman" at once? that was the compliment, paid by anticipation; though I am not in the least hurry to have it verified. It is perfectly true what some very learned person has said, "whatever is written with effort, is read with effort." I hope, though, in consideration to the smooth and level path I have led you on by, you will not let this high style stop you. I promise you, it shall be the only one you will find on the whole road. Tea is made in a man's own rooms;

coffee is had commonly from the butteries. It is pronounced by great critics to be very good; but as I am not a great critic, and, for that reason, it may be, am the more flippant, I pronounce it to be very bad. It is not coffee—true genuine coffee; at least if it be, the French, who have had some reputation that way, have had it undeservedly; for I have tasted coffee in France, and it is not in the least similar in flavour.—"Sporting the travelled man! that's good." —What do you mean?—"Oh! nothing—very good, that is all."—What! do you suppose it necessary for a man to have lived all his life in France to taste the coffee? I do not pretend to have been more than two days there; but that is long enough, is it not, to drink coffee? Why, if you were a snarling critic, you could not worry me more. I wish you would let me alone, and be quiet.—I say, the coffee, the Cambridge coffee is bad; and I recommend no one ever to take it. Cocoa and chocolate may

be had fresh as imported; and if you take the trouble to make this yourself, according to the simple directions, you may assure its being good.—The party is assembled; they are going to commence conversation; but what they are to talk about, I am sure I do not know. I must look over my notes, and see. (Time, seven o'clock. Place, D——g-street. Party, six-teen maids—first cup is supposed to have been drank; second cup is seen pouring out, muffins gradually disappearing, a round of toast open'd to the view.)—(Anguish to Paine.)—(My dear Anguish, and you Thomas Paine, I have called you into existence; why, heaven knows—I have not a word to put into your mouths.)—(Anguish to Paine.)—"Do you ever buy books of Grant?"—"Yes, sometimes; he is a cheap bookseller."—"Has he not published a translation of a French mathematician lately?"—"Yes, and it is said to be very well done."—"By whom?"—"B——k of Catherine, I be-

lieve, a clever man."—"Grant will work his way up, if he goes on so; he has given, I believe, an improved edition of the Greek Theatre, and a reprint of Wellauer's Æschylus."—(Atkins to Simpkins.)—"I saw you in the schools to-day?"—"You did; I have not been so much amused for some time."—(All.)—"What with?"—"Only the great presence of mind of an opponent, and the acuteness of an act."—"As how?"—"You shall read—*ascendat opponentium primus*, quoth the moderator—a tall, pale, thin-visaged man takes his stand—produces a small piece of crumpled paper, into which he had packed his eight arguments, and reads the first; that is to say, reads a little, skips a little, and slurs over the rest.—*Repetas*, from the act, with a countenance beaming with modest assurance: *repetas paulo tardius*, from the moderator—*si unitas applicatum ad*—a dead pause.—Moderator. *Perge domine opponens, nulla causa est qua de re, tu debes esse timidus.—Si*

unitas applicatum ad.—The unhappy opponent could get no farther; in vain the moderator encouraged him; in vain the act laughed at him; not a word more could be got out of him. (Moderator)—*da mihi papyrum:*—he did so with a trembling hand; the moderator was as much puzzled with the writing as the opponent; and as he had not seen the argument more than ninety-nine times, was some time before he decyphered it: at last he did, and the act had to take it off, which he did in a word—*nescio.*—*Probes aliter:* the same difficulties recurred—the same *nescio* closed the scene, and so on, at the conclusion, the moderator gave the opponent a *summa gloria*, and I learnt the act got a *summo acumine.*"—(Atkins.)—"The schools are a farce; they ought to be given up or modified; then we should be stunned with cries of 'innovation!' 'innovation!'"—(Marsh to Jones.)—"Have you heard of the book[1]

[1] What book is here alluded to I do not know. Some

that is to come out shortly?"—"No, I have not—what is it about?"—"Oh! it is to make a stir, I understand."—"What is the subject?"—"Cambridge."—"That is grown a stale subject now."—"Every subject is stale if you come to that, till it is treated in a new way."—"Is this to be written in a new way?"—"Quite, I believe: it was originally to have been published in Cambridge; but it was thought too combustible a material."—"Will he venture to speak the truth?"—"I think he will."—"He must recollect, to speak more than the truth is not less a fault, than to fall short of it; has he a fellowship, scholarship, or any preferment in the University?"—"None."—"What may be his qualifications?"—"Why they are various: he has to begin with no inconsiderable

persons may imagine I do know, and pretend not. I assure them they are mistaken: it is not the "Letters from Cambridge," as modesty, candour, and unaffected simplicity are its leading traits.—EDITOR.

share of impudence."—"You need not say a word more; if he is master of that inestimable qualification, he will be secure 'as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'"

(Marsh to Atkins.) "Have you seen H—'s book?"—"What book?"—"'Guesses at Truth.'"—"O yes; is that H—'s?"—"They say so: is it good?"—"No; it is in imitation of Lacon, consisting of detached sentiments in language affecting simplicity. Colton's book did very well: it was a new idea, besides being enriched with anecdotes: this has nothing to recommend it but the shapings of its thoughts, and these are often badly turned."—"By the way, what is become of C—n?"—"He is living at Paris, I am informed."—"Is his vicarage taken from him?"—"No; he returned just in time to quash the bishop's order."—"He is a disgrace to his profession."—"He is, and has been treated by the world with a monstrous deal of false delicacy. Bacon could not plead the morality of

his writings as a set-off to the immorality of his life, nor ought this man to be allowed the benefit of the plea."—"Is H—d's Trig. come out yet?"—"I believe it is. I wish all success to that man. As a moderator, he presides with mildness and urbanity; as an examiner, he acts with liberality and kindness; as a writer, he is indefatigable; as a man, correct, and honourable."—"You speak in periods."—"And here is a period put to our speaking." (Enter Tomkins.) "Ah! how do you all do? Have you heard the news?—we have got it—we have got the day;—I knew we should." (All.) "Got it! got what?"—"The trial, to be sure, University *versus* Fudge.[1] There is to be a general illumination. (Bells ring.) There goes St. Marys." (Ladds, Dadds, and Pott run

[1] W—t hits on another expedient to quench the fire of conversation; but Fudge is a *dramatis persona*, incorporated in the work, and therefore plays *finis* much more naturally than Newby's long pole.—EDITOR.

into the room with orange and white favours.)
(A crowd is seen advancing, Liggins, Wiggins and Spriggins in the foremost ranks waving their caps; in the distance P——k borne in triumph on the shoulders of six bridge-porters:—no, I am wrong, six members of the Gymnasium, seated in an elderly hair-bottomed arm-chair, borrowed for the occasion from the Union; flags flying, bells ringing, people shouting.)—Adieu!

LETTER XXII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ———,

I HAVE been down to the Union, and cannot get a sight of one of the papers—they are all engaged three deep; and so hot and full is the room, that I am glad to have made my way out of it. Sooner, however, than you should lose your letter, I went to a Sidneyman who knows Fudge extremely well, and had an account, a corrected account of all that took place at the trial. He was kind enough to let me see it; and from it I will try and make up a short story for you.—The cause came on last Thursday; the Court, long before it com-

menced, was crowded to excess. On the bench were the Dukes of Sussex and Gloucester—our Chancellor this. He was accompanied by his interpreter—nonsense, what am I talking about? his interpreter indeed! I mean his equerry; and, besides their Royal Highnesses, there were Lord Palmerston, Mr. Brougham, Dr. Chafey, and other distinguished members of the University. In the body of the Court the friends of the Rev. defendant were pretty thickly sprinkled. Mr. H. S—th was present, for instance, in a new blue suit, to do honour to his old crony; which new suit, by the way, did not fit him at all, though he insisted upon it it was not possible to have a better fit, as he had given orders for it to be made exactly by the measure of Sir W. Scott, and they were both of a size. Lords C——e and K—g, D—l W—e H—y, Mr. V——n, Rev. E. I—g, &c. were noticed also. Baron G—w was the presiding judge. Sir N. T——l, the solicitor-

general, opened the pleadings. He said on this occasion all that is usually said on such occasions; talked of the high credit and respectability of the plaintiffs, the groundlessness of the charges imputed to them in the mock petition, as mock he should prove it to be, as he meant to call all those honourable persons who were reported either to have taken part in the discussion of this petition, or to have suffered in the affray which followed it. His clients did not call for excessive damages; they only expected at the hands of a jury of their fellow-countrymen, such a verdict as might deter others from venturing on a similar course. He should first call a witness to swear to the hand-writing of the defendant. (Here considerable confusion arose; it was discovered the Testament on which witnesses were sworn was by some accident mislaid. The Duke of Sussex, however, whose taste for biblical literature is well known, took from his left coat-pocket, in the most obliging

manner, an early copy in the Greek—Erasmus's, it is believed—and handed it over to the clerk. Unfortunately, in doing so, several loose prints fell out, which appeared to give his Royal Highness a little uneasiness: they were replaced immediately.)

Edward Edwards, printer to the Morning Chronicle, swore distinctly to the hand-writing of defendant, knew it perfectly well, had seen it very often.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—Dr. Fudge was a frequent contributor?—Yes, of late.—What do you mean by of late?—I mean, he did not write any articles in Mr. Perry's time.

Lord P——n is a member of the H—e of C——ns. Was there on the evening petition was said to have been presented. Did not present it—did not believe any was presented. Never said, "their distressed state was not exaggerated; that he had been a witness to it; that he never went to Cambridge when he could help

it, because, if ever he did go, he was sure to be surrounded by a host of importunate supplicants, who would let him rest neither night nor day;" never said this. Met with no obstruction in returning from the house. Mr. W—s never volunteered his protection to him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—Did you never at any time utter the words imputed to you, "their distressed state," &c. ?—No, certainly not; not in Parliament.—In Parliament, or out of Parliament, did your Lordship ever make use of them ?—I do not recollect exactly; I may have done so in private society; I think it is very likely I did.—Your Lordship met with no obstruction, you say ?— None.—Mr. W—s never volunteered his protection ?—No, never; he would, I dare say, if I had wanted it. —You have had some transactions with Mr. W—s ?—I have; he is a most honourable-minded man. I am proud of his friendship.

Mr. B——m. I am a member of the H—e of C——ns. Was there on the evening petition

was said to have been presented. Did not hear any presented. Did not speak on any. Met with no obstruction in returning from the House.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—Were you present in your robes as Chancellor of the London University?—No; I do not know that any robes are worn in the London University—am not Chancellor.—You met with no obstruction, you say?—No, I did not meet with any.—You never borrowed a Bath Witney?—I never borrowed a Bath Witney for the purpose of disguise.—Oh! you did borrow a Bath Witney! pray, for what purpose then?—I do not choose to say.—You may go down, Sir.

J. C. H——se. I am a member of the H—e of C——ns. I never heard any petition presented. Knew of no crowd being assembled. Met with no obstruction.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—You met with no obstruction, you say?—I met with none.—You never had a copy of Hulsean Lectures thrown at your head?—No; I did not know

there were such things as Hulsean Lectures.—You never lost your new stuff umbrella?—(With emotion,) I never did!—You never did?—(With increased emotion,) I never had a new stuff umbrella!—What! you never had an umbrella?—Yes, I have an umbrella.—A silk umbrella then?—(Here the Solicitor-general interfered.' Really, brother Phillips, you are wasting the time of the Court.—Mr. Phillips, indignantly. Wasting the time of the Court, indeed! If the interests of my clients require that the time of the Court should be wasted, it must be wasted—it shall be wasted!) I ask you, Sir, is it a silk umbrella?—No, it is not!—What! neither silk nor stuff! Pray, Sir, of what materiel is it composed?—Stuff.—Why, you said just now you never had a stuff umbrella.—I did not; I said I never had a new stuff umbrella. It was not new when I had it.—(A laugh.)

Mr. H—. Am a member of the H—e of C——ns. Never moved for the return of the

tutors' bills. Never made my escape in a mob. Did not see any thing to require it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—You never moved for the return of the tutors' bills?—No, I never did; did not know they were returnable. Might perhaps, if I had. You were not smuggled away by a resurrection man?—No, I was not.—Do you know any resurrection men?—That is not a fair question.—It is a fair question. Do you know any resurrection men?—I put it to the Court; am I obliged to answer this question?—Mr. Baron Garrow. No, certainly not; not unless you choose.—Witness. I shall decline replying to it then.

Mr. B——s. Am a member of the H—— of C——s. Was not present that evening. Never heard of any petition being about to be presented.

Cross-examined by Mr. Phillips.—You say you were not in the House that evening; pray will you be kind enough to inform the Court

where you were.—O certainly! I was at the Travellers' club, and I recollect now, just at the precise moment I was said to have received a severe contusion from a number of the Oriental Herald—I looked at my watch on being told of it—I recollect I was showing some of the members of the club how I walked barefooted over the sands of Arabia.—Perhaps you will oblige the Court by showing how you did it?—O with pleasure.—(Mr. B——s, in the kindest way imaginable took off his shoes and stockings—pulled up his trowsers—and walked up and down two or three times in an open space cleared for him, to the delight of the whole Court.)

Mr. W——s called—did not answer. Called a second time—no reply. Called a third time. Here a clerk of his came running into the Court, and stated Mr. W——s could not come; he was personally engaged with the Lord Mayor. O! but said the judge, his engage-

ment perhaps is not of such consequence as to prevent his appearing. Here the clerk whispered to the counsel, and the counsel to the judge; we could not catch what was said exactly. "He must come."—"He can't come."—"O! but he must indeed!"—"Oh! but he can't indeed; he is in quo—!" (In a low whisper.) The last letter we could not catch.

Lord L——t. Did not recollect hearing of any disturbance that night. Had no windows broken.

Lord E—n. Was at home that night. Heard no huzzas; should have noticed it, if he had.

We never saw his Lordship looking better. He returned with the utmost courtesy Dr. Fudge's recognition.

Mr. Phillips addressed the jury for the defendant; he spoke with his usual force, energy, and feeling. The plaintiffs were a powerful and influential body; his client weak and defenceless; no, not utterly defenceless, as he would defend him while breath was left in his

lungs. They had heard the libel read; he acknowledged Dr. Fudge was the author of it; but what then? did it contain any thing of a gross or personal nature? did it impute any impropriety of conduct, any moral turpitude to the plaintiffs? It imputed none: all it imputed was poverty; and poverty, (said the learned Counsel, fixing his eye on the bench, and pointing in the direction of the fat juryman who sat to the right;) and poverty is no crime. Your decision must be in favour of the plaintiffs; but do not, by awarding a heavy pecuniary fine, add to the misery which already overwhelms my client. He has written that which is unfounded, he confesses; but he has written it on the information of others—information which implicit trust, more than wilful misconception, led him not to examine as he should have done. Look at him! he is surrounded by a host of friends, come to support him in this his day of trouble. See there, amidst that noble and illustrious band, the

undaunted senator; (Lord K—g blushed, to the surprise of the Court;)—the brave warrior; (Lord C—ne drew his coat-tail across his face;) —the modest patriot; (Mr. D. W. H——y pretended to be reading a receipt for a pound and a half of tea, sent to the Colchester washerwomen;)—the liberal priest; (we could not see Mr. V——n's face; he held up his celebrated sermon before it;)—the magician of the south; (Mr. H. S—th caught Dr. Fudge's eye, and blushed deep red;)—and the soul of Hatton Garden; (the Rev. E. I——g sent one eye round the Court, and kept the other fixed on Mr. P——ps.) Think ye these men would honour with their friendship one who was undeserving of it? Think ye they would stand by my client at this hour of peril, if they deemed him the man the plaintiffs would persuade you that he is — a wilful malicious slanderer? No! This very circumstance speaks

volumes. I leave him in your hands, convinced I could not leave him in better. (Baron G——w.) This is merely a question of damages; you must find of course for the plaintiffs. If you think the defendant wilfully and knowingly wrote down what he knew at the time to be untrue, you will mark by your verdict your sense of such conduct; if you think him to have written this article under a misconception, you will take the circumstance into your consideration. As relates to damages, no injury appears to have been sustained by the plaintiffs; it is not therefore a case which calls for very heavy damages. You are to determine.

The jury were absent about half an hour, and then returned a verdict for the plaintiffs, *five farthings*. The whole court was surprised at the amount; and symptoms of disapprobation from the Fudge quarter were very manifest.

Mr. Phillips rose, and said he was determined to move for a rule to set the verdict aside, upon the ground of excessive damages. We understand there is not the least doubt of his obtaining it. I have this account from the Judge MS.—Adieu!

LETTER XXIII.

Cambridge.

DEAR ——,

I must put off my veritable description of a supper party *sine die*. I gave you in my last the trial of Fudge for a libel on the University; there are two or three more actions to come on —one at the suit of the tailors, another from the College cooks, butlers, and grocers; and a third from the gyps and bed-makers. These last, I learn, are particularly indignant at the reflections thrown on them; and I verily believe, were this incorrigible parson to present himself in Cambridge about this time, he would run a very great chance of treading the watery mazes

of the Cam, or of soaring into the clouds under the resistless impulse of—" what!"—of—I won't tell you; it is such a mean vulgar word to close a fine sentence with. I was wrong in giving you to understand S—e and R—h were engaged in the cause; they were not. I have made a point of keeping copies of all the letters I have written to you; and on reading them over the other day, I really thought they gave a very tolerable idea of the University. Many things are omitted which an historian would have recorded; but then, many things and persons are introduced, of whom an historian never would have heard. I had some idea of writing a regular work on the subject, and gave you to understand so in one of my early letters: that work I have never had resolution to commence; and I have—don't try and dissuade me from it—a great inclination to commit to the press, at some future time, these letters instead. Of course, they are not written in a style

fit to come before the public; but then I can only do as all other lazy folks do—say the solicitation of friends, (and my friends do solicit me, that is true enough, but *not* to publish,) A kind friends, induces me to come before them; sensible how numerous, and indeed innumerable are the errors with which my little volume swarms, but placing implicit confidence in their discrimination, liberality, and good taste; and then make my bow and withdraw. Give me your opinion on the subject, but do not give it against me, as in that case I shall certainly not take it. Be candid and open with me, say exactly what you think; only let it assimilate as near as possible with what I think. When a man asks his friend's advice on points of this nature, when he has made up his mind, he only means, by invoking his candour and openness, to give more stability to his choice; which he has not the slightest idea of altering for any thing he may hear to the contrary. So tell I

you, exercise in my behalf the same qualified candour. This is a short letter, to atone for the long ones I have transmitted you of late.

Adieu!

These Twenty-three Letters are all that have come into my possession; more I have reason to believe, were written; but either the author took them away with him on leaving England, or they are mislaid, or perhaps destroyed. Should they ever be restored to light, and the writer of this note selected to execute the task, and the public indulgent enough to approve of it, he will venture to present a second series.

He has the honour of subscribing himself,

the Public's

most obedient devoted Servant,

THE EDITOR.

Private. — *I particularly request no person will read this chapter.*—AUTHOR.

(Back-parlour in a house south side of Bloomsbury Square. Editor seated at a table looking over papers—door opens—enter Author in a dark-brown coat, red wrapper, and overalls.)

AUTHOR. Ah! how do you do?—how do you get on?—make a good volume, eh?—Editor. I am afraid not, I can only find twenty-three letters.—A. Only twenty-three letters!—twenty-three letters, did you say?—that will only make half a book. What's to be done? Have you any examination papers—any Craven, Davey, Tyrrhit, great-go, little-go?—E. Not

one.—A. (Striking his head with his hand according to received methods.) Fool that I was not to return sooner! Have you a Cambridge Calendar?—E. No, not even that.—A. Then are we bereft of hope.—E. Not so bad. Compose yourself; by aid of my notes, which I took care to distribute with no sparing hand, we may make a tolerable duodecimo yet.—A. You think so?—E. I do indeed.—A. (In exstacy.) Give me your hand, my best of friends, you have made a man of me.—E. I doubt whether the book will be liked on the whole.—A. Why?—E. You have touched certain subjects too highly.—A. Not a whit too much so.—E. What think you of the allusion to the rent of rooms in Trinity? I was obliged to qualify that at the expense of Corpus.—A. Well, that, perhaps, might have been as well left out; but it is true for all that.—E. Or the "Crepusculum?"—A. Oh! nonsense, there is no harm done there, I am sure. I flatter my-

self I have contrived to steer pretty clear of personalities.—E. You have done fairly enough in that respect in the early part of the work, but you have forgotten yourself strangely towards the end.—A. How do you mean?—E. Oh! the parliamentary scene, and the trial.—A. I have nothing to do with that; that is all Fudge's.—E. Why did you let him write papers for you? you will be held responsible. Where, pray, is Mr. Fudge at present?—A. He will be here presently; he is engaged just now writing a prospectus for the New Grand National Hibernian Canal Navigation Company; he says he never had at any time that he can recollect so much on his hands as he has just at this time.—E. Parliament sitting, I suppose?—A. Yes, that is it; he has so much to do, making speeches for those who never made any themselves, and correcting speeches for those who have. Ah! here comes the very man (enter Dr. Fudge in a clerical undress,

shovel hat, &c. &c.) in the nick of time. Reverend Sir! here is a serious charge against you, a fierce accuser, and a stern judge; dare you face these terrors?—F. I dare; name the charge.—A. Scandalising the University of Cambridge; slandering the town of Cambridge; taking the Whigs in vain, and setting the radicals at nought.—F. Guilty.—A. Ingenuously confessed, so far. Now, Sir, look me in the face, if you please. How dare you introduce amidst that motley crew of yours, a man of long-tried, severe, uncompromising principles, a staunch, an honest Tory?—F. Why, the truth is, I am of no politics; I discern not between Whig and Tory, *Ivos Tyriusque*.—A. No Latin, Doctor.—F. You see exactly my drift.—A. No, indeed I do not.—F. Never mind; what title do you mean to give your book?—F. I was thinking of calling it "Cambridge in the Nineteenth Century!"—A. It sounds well, do you not think it does?—F. It sounds too well; any one to hear

it would expect to see a large octavo at least. —A. No, that will never do; we must think of some other name.—F. What think you of Fudge's Miscellany?—A. O no; I protest against that; that would be putting the part for the whole with a vengeance. Why, man, you have not more than a dozen pages in the book, and will you usurp the whole?—F. (A little peevishly.) O call it what you please, I do not care; you wanted a title, and there is one for you; take it or not, as you like.—E. The best name, after all, is the simple significant one of "Letters from Cambridge, illustrative of the Studies, Habits, and Peculiarities of the University." —F. and A. Agreed, agreed.—E. What shall be the motto?—A. What do you think of "I speak the truth, and lie not?"—F. O Lord, no, that will never do; it is a plain admission of mendacity, and no more; besides, it is not our fancy to pace slowly forward, looking lugubriously, and laying our right hands on our

hearts *more melodramatico:* we must bound lightly on with a bold and saucy air, and kiss our hands, and smile pleasantly; so let's have a motto correspondent to our humour.—E. I cannot just now think of one; but will something conciliatory do?—F. Oh! that's it,—E. Well, then, let us say from Macbeth,

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all!

F. Fill my glass, and let me drink that toast. —A. Fill me mine too: (Fudge, Editor, and Author all standing, in bumpers,) 'Here's love and health to all!'—A. We must take care and have the "Letters from Cambridge" well puffed.—F. Oh! trust that to me, I will secure that.—A. I am a little fearful it will not have a great sale; and I expect it will be very much abused.—F. The more abuse the better; to be spoken well of would be much more painful in

these degenerate— A. Why you but a moment ago said you would see that it was well puffed. —F. Oh! I forgot I did; we will say nothing more, then, about degeneracy.

E. Do you intend putting your name to it? —A. I am thinking—yes.—F. Not at full length?—A. Yes.—F. Oh! do not do that, whatever you do; it is the unwisest step you can take. Suppose—it is possible—though I hope not probable, the reading and non-reading public are indifferent to its merit; let this nice tight little vessel, with sound planks, and stout cordage, and mettlesome hearts, float swiftly down toward the eddies of oblivion without putting forth a finger to arrest its progress: then grant some d—d good-natured friend comes up, and says, why— A. Hush! hush! some one overhears us, perhaps; speak softly.—F. I will; why (name in a stage whisper) how could you think of writing "Letters from Cambridge?" they are not worth the postage;—it is the—you'll excuse

me, the stupidest book I ever read in my life. You will look stupid, of course, to be in keeping with your book; or, suppose it be received too warmly, which I think more likely, with your name to it, you are the mark for reprisals; you cannot say, on receiving the tenth challenge, "I did not write it indeed—do not believe me capable of it—I discountenance scurrility." No, no; no name to it: besides, it is a breach of etiquette to put your name: no one puts it now-a-days. Why, if it were necessary to put the author's name in the title-page, the shelves of the circulating libraries would be empty, and the publishers' pockets the same! Who would put their names to such novels as, "Clubs of London," "Crockford's," "Almack's," "Almack's Revisited," "George Godfrey," "Richmond," &c. &c.? Why they must quit the country if they did.—A. Men put their names to their books fifty years ago.—F. They did; but, in those times, a novel was not a plant of a day's growth; it required time to ripen

and mature it; it required careful culture and a skilful hand to lop its too luxuriant branches. The owner was content to watch its gradual progress, from the little seed to the broad stem; content to see it put forth its roots by degrees, and twine itself in the deep soil, and grasp the earth. Then he was confident and bold; he had nought to fear from tempest or storm, wind, or blast: it was firm and established: it would remain, and it has remained "even unto this day;" for the times I speak of were the times of Fielding and of Smollet; and such were their works.—A. You are enthusiastic; but which of the moderns like you best?—F. Galt decidedly, next to the true magician.—A. The true magician: what think you of him you would call the counterfeit?—F. Of him—of the "Rejected Addresses" man—of him who sent forth his empty threat to the prince of minstrels and of good fellows, to bid him "learn to beat a rival near his throne"—of him, a wretched tasteless imitator, a plunderer of

other men's thoughts, a— A. You are running on at a devil of a rate. If he take good thoughts, he clothes them in good language.—F. (in a passion) Good language! why the thoughts of Scott and the words of S—h accord just as well as the diamonds of a court lady and the rags of St. Giles's.—A. Come, come, cool yourself, Fudge; you look as red as a turkeycock. —E. Do you write in Blackwood, Fudge? —F. No: it is very singular, Blackwood is the only periodical I do not write in, and, between ourselves, the only one I ever read.—E. What! do you not read your own articles?—F. Why—no: it is quite punishment enough for me to write them:—the New Monthly, they say, is amusing. —A. Shall I give a second series of these letters? —E. You had better see how the first are received before you think of that.—F. I would advise you not to give a second series: whatever the reception of the present may be, the subject will not admit of it. Try your hand at something else—tales for instance.—E. Tales of

Trumpington?—A. Oh! that is a villainous alliteration! Tales of the Priory would be ten times better.—F. What priory?—A. Barnewell Priory, to be sure.—E. Dr. Fudge does not know any thing about that fair seat of maiden purity: you had better describe it to him.—A. No; do you.—E. Well, then, you must know, Dr. Fudge—Oh! I see I cannot do it at all decently, so must let it alone. "Letters from Cambridge," that is agreed on, motto agreed on, puffs agreed on, and the public agreed on receiving it.—A. Stop, Fudge; before you go, make some atonement for the discourtesy with which you have treated the fair sex. Drink—(sternly) drink, I say, the bed-makers! (Fudge drinks and exit.) (The author and editor call for a couple of glasses of cherry-brandy;—we will leave them drinking it, if you please.)

THE END.

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